

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

June

~~25c~~

NOW

15^c

20c in Canada

Greta
Garbo

Eugene O'Neill's
Searing Drama
"STRANGE INTERLUDE"
with Norma Shearer
and Clark Gable
Adapted from the film

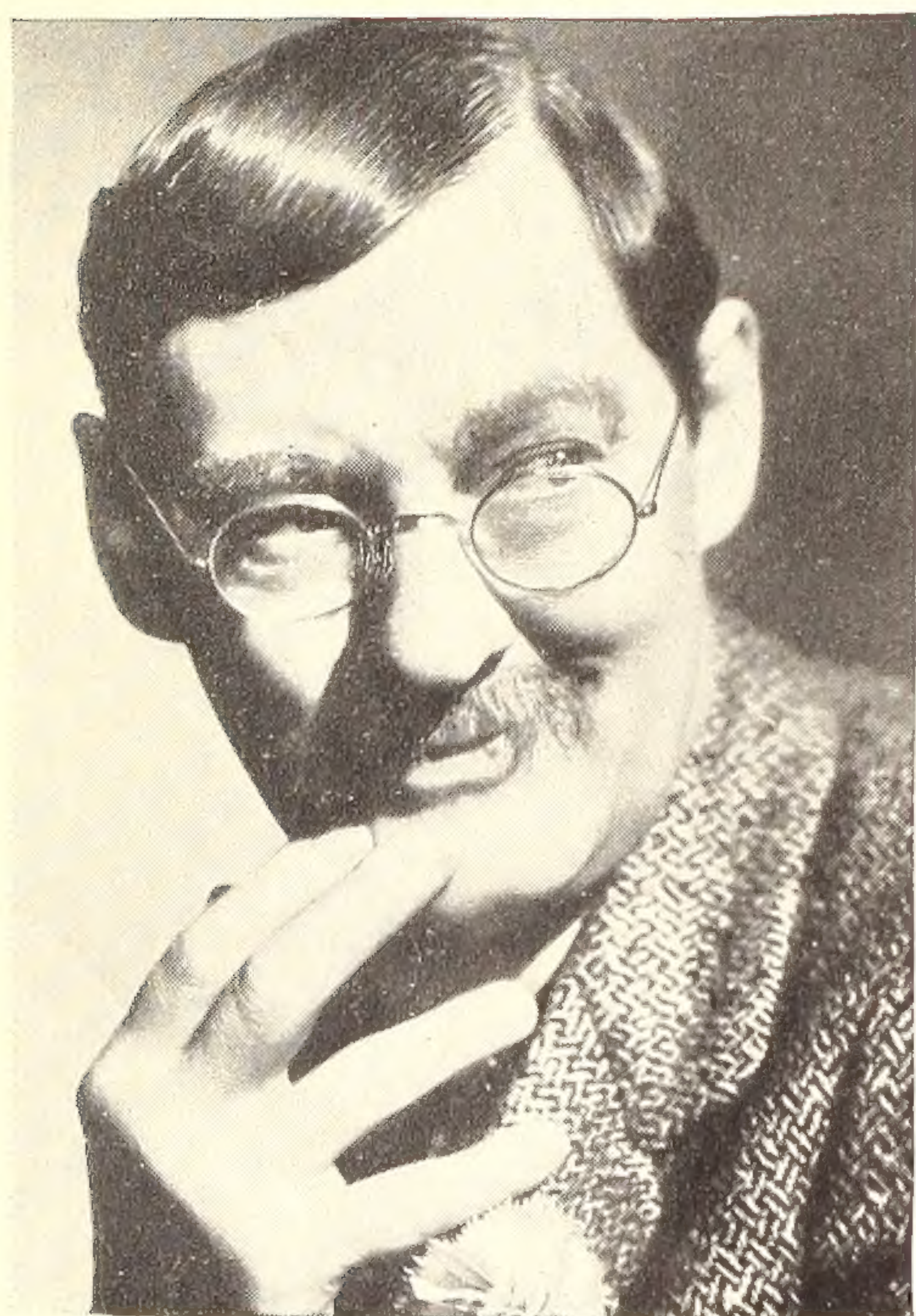
Beginning
FREDRIC MARCH'S
Real
Life Story

PN1993
535

**THE
GREATEST
CAST
IN STAGE
OR SCREEN
HISTORY!**



**JOHN
GARBO-BARRYMORE**



**JOAN
CRAWFORD-BEERY
LIONEL BARRYMORE**

GRAND HOTEL

with **LEWIS STONE
JEAN HERSHOLT**



The play that gripped New York for a solid year—and toured America with many road companies. Now it is on the screen—long heralded—eagerly awaited—and when you see it you will experience the biggest thrill of all your picture-going days.

An **EDMUND
GOULDING**
production

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S PROUDEST TRIUMPH!

ALL MEN WERE HER PLAYTHINGS



Wild, untamed...
she played with men's
hearts as with puppets
until she rushed head-
long into the arms of...
a prizefighter. Society
was dumbfounded!
Daring the ridicule of
her friends, she gave
herself to him...Daring!
...Tantalizing!... Smart!

Directed by SIDNEY LANFIELD
A FOX Picture

JAMES DUNN PEGGY SHANNON
SPENCER TRACY

SOCIETY GIRL

ENCL 29/07/38

MAY 16 1932

SCREENLAND

The Smart Screen Magazine

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*Alma Whitaker, *Western Editor*Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

June, 1932

THIS MONTH'S PROGRAM

Vol. XXV, No. 2

NEXT MONTH!

"HOLLYWOOD'S Own Moral Code!"

There's a title for you—and the story is just as unconventional as it sounds. You won't want to miss this feature of the July issue of the new 15c SCREENLAND, because many of your favorites—Garbo, Shearer, Crawford—are included. Watch for it!

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Love consumed her!



TALLULAH BANKHEAD

in

"THUNDER BELOW"

One woman—desired, desiring—in a village of lonely men! Torn between passion and honor, lovers and husband! Below the Equator, where civilization's barriers swiftly burn away. What a great role for this great actress! TALLULAH BANKHEAD will make you feel the pity, the passion, the penance of this woman whom love consumed! With a great cast, including Paul Lukas, Charles Bickford and Eugene Pallette. You'll get the thrill of the year from "Thunder Below"—a great Paramount Picture, "best show in town!"

Directed by Richard Wallace from the novel by Thomas Rourke.

Paramount  Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, Pres., PARAMOUNT BLDG., N. Y. C.

REVUETTES



Eleanor Hunt, Harry Barris and Helen Mann in a scene from "He's a Honey." This is a peppy song-and-dance comedy, with Harry making a personal hit in it.

Class A:

- ★ **ALIAS THE DOCTOR.** *First National.* Richard Barthelmess, as a surgeon, adds another sterling performance to his repertoire. The story is impressive. Marian Marsh, Norman Foster and Lucile Laverne capably assist.
- ★ **ARE YOU LISTENING?** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* William Haines comes through with his best performance to date. The film has a radio background. The cuties are Madge Evans, Anita Page and Joan Marsh. It's a good picture.*
- ★ **ARSENE LUPIN.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Worth-while if only to see the brothers Barrymore together for the first time on the screen. It's a good, exciting picture. Karen Morley is the girl.
- ★ **EMMA.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Marie Dressler won our Honor Page for her work in this film. A great cast including Jean Hersholt, Myrna Loy, Richard Cromwell, Kathryn Crawford and Barbara Kent. Don't miss it.
- ★ **HELL DIVERS.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Thrilling red-blooded drama about air devils. With Wallace Beery, Clark Gable, Dorothy Jordan and Marjorie Rambeau. See it.

- ★ **LADY WITH A PAST.** *RKO.* This is entertainment! The glamorous Constance Bennett in a lively story you won't take too seriously. Ben Lyon is excellent, David Manners is good, and Connie's clothes are gorgeous.
- ★ **MATA HARI.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Fascinating spy drama with Greta Garbo and Ramon Novarro at their best. Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone, excellent. In other words, well worth seeing.
- ★ **ONE HOUR WITH YOU.** *Paramount.* The inimitable Maurice Chevalier in a charming musical movie. Honorable mention to Jeanette MacDonald, Roland Young, and Genevieve Tobin. The music's good, too.*
- ★ **SHANGHAI EXPRESS.** *Paramount.* A medal to Josef Von Sternberg for directing this absorbing masterpiece. Another to Marlene Dietrich for a magnificent performance. And smaller medals for the entire cast, particularly Clive Brook and Anna May Wong.
- ★ **SO BIG.** *Warner Brothers.* Another "wow" performance by Barbara Stanwyck. The picture is well acted and directed. Dickie Moore is adorable. See this one.*
- ★ **TARZAN THE APE MAN.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* You're sure to get a kick out of this jungle thriller. Besides, you'll want to see Johnny

Going to the movies? First read our authentic advice

Weissmuller do some of his splendid swimming. Maureen O'Sullivan is the charmer.*

- ★ **THE BEAST OF THE CITY.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* A new slant on the gangster films—looking at it from the policemen's side. It's interesting throughout. Walter Huston and Wallace Ford are impressive. Jean Harlow makes an exciting heroine.*
- ★ **THE CHAMP.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* You'll be talking about this picture for a long time. Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper are superb in their father and son rôles.
- ★ **THE CONGRESS DANCES.** *Ufa.* Utterly charming foreign-made picture—English version. You'll be whistling the songs and talking about Lilian Harvey, the heroine. By all means, see it.*
- ★ **THE CROWD ROARS.** *Warner Brothers.* Thrilling film about automobile racing. Snappy dialogue, good story, and grand acting by James Cagney and Joan Blondell. And there's Ann Dvorak for good measure. We recommend this.

Class B:

- AFTER TOMORROW.** *Fox.* A sentimental tale about "every-day" folks. Nicely directed and acted by Marian Nixon and Charles Farrell.*
- BEAUTY AND THE BOSS.** *Warner Brothers.* This is the one about the drab secretary who turns into a ravishing beauty over-night and marries the boss. It's cute—so's Marian Marsh. David Manners and Warren William are the male support.
- SKY DEVILS.** *United Artists.* Nonsensical story—corking gags—plenty of laughs, and Spencer Tracy. See it, just for fun.*
- STRANGERS IN LOVE.** *Paramount.* Fredric March plays a dual rôle again. It's a light, amusing film. March and Stuart Erwin are splendid. Kay Francis looks gorgeous.*
- THE LOST SQUADRON.** *RKO.* Something different in aviation pictures. Interesting drama, with excellent acting by Richard Dix. Eric Von Stroheim, Joel McCrea and Robert Armstrong.*
- THE PASSIONATE PLUMBER.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Goofy, slapstick comedy with Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante at their funniest. Irene Purcell for sex-appeal.*

- THE WISER SEX.** *Paramount.* You won't be able to work up much enthusiasm for this picture. It's a trifle too implausible. However, Claudette Colbert, Lilyan Tashman, and William Boyd turn in good performances.*
- DANCERS IN THE DARK.** *Paramount.* The adventures of a taxi dancer, played by Miriam Hopkins. A newcomer, George Raft, is good. Jack Oakie grins away with the show.*
- DISORDERLY CONDUCT.** *Fox.* Another Spencer Tracy triumph. He makes this story about cops and graft both interesting and amusing. Sally Eilers helps, too.*
- HEART OF NEW YORK.** *Warner Brothers.* Life in New York's "East Side" sprinkled with sentiment and boisterous comedy. With George Sidney, Joe Smith, Charles Dale, Ruth Hall and Anna Appel.*

HOTEL CONTINENTAL. *Tiffany.* A crook drama. The action takes place in a hotel the night before it is to be razed. Fair entertainment and acting. With Peggy Shannon and Theodore Von Eltz.*

* Reviewed in this issue.

★ These pictures have been selected by Delight Evans as worthy of SCREENLAND's seal of approval.

(Continued on page 95)

FOR FIVE YEARS the talking screen has waited for-

Barbara STANWYCK



in "SO BIG"

Now at last you can see and hear
EDNA FERBER'S
world-famous epic of a woman's heart

25 SCREEN FAVORITES Assembled in One Mighty Cast!

Bette Davis
Dickie Moore
George Brent
Guy Kibbee
Mae Madison
Hardie Albright
Robert Warwick
And 17 others

Directed by
WILLIAM A. WELLMAN

Based on Edna Ferber's
best-seller, "So Big"

Seven million have read Edna Ferber's Pulitzer Prize novel, "So Big."

Now see it brought to vivid, thrilling life with a swift rush of reality that holds you breathless!

It's woman's whole existence . . . her body . . . her soul . . . her love . . . her life . . . the secret places of her heart.

With lovely Barbara Stanwyck as you liked her in "Illicit" and "Night Nurse".

If you enjoyed Edna Ferber's "Cimarron" you'll adore her "SO BIG" . . . It's the main event of this picture season!

THE
BIGGEST HITS
OF 1932
ARE COMING FROM
**WARNER
BROS.**



Marlene Dietrich is more in demand than ever since "Shanghai Express." Miss Vee Dee obliges by telling you about Dietrich's life and career, below.

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

Marjory V. Ladies and gentlemen! We're starring Marlene Dietrich this month—you've been boosting her ever since "Morocco." You know she has a husband in Germany, a charming little daughter, and is a most devoted mother as well as one of the most accomplished actresses in Hollywood. Marlene was born in Berlin, Germany, is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has naturally curly red-gold hair and blue eyes. She was sent to a private school where she studied violin and singing and mastered French and English. She was studying violin to go on the concert stage but a serious injury to her left hand prevented it. Some time later she became interested in the stage and entered Max Reinhardt's school of drama. She has been in musical comedy and made pictures in Germany before coming to America. Her latest American releases are "Dishonored" and "Shanghai Express." Her next will be "Velvet." Her name is pronounced Mar-lá-na.

Nils Asther Fan. So you thought when pictures began to talk, Nils would be out of a job. He was for a time, but with the dogged determination of his Viking ancestry, he delved into the accents, grammar, and vocabulary of our English and now returns to the screen with a perfect voice. He may be the screen's next sensation—who knows? He will appear with Robert Montgomery in "The Truth Game" and is to play with Joan Crawford in her next picture, "Letty Lynton." And we may see him opposite Garbo again.

Eleanor. This is the Miss Vee Dee national "hook-up." Are you payin' attention? Joan Crawford was 24 on March 23, 1932. Loretta Young is 20, Greta Garbo is 25, Mary Nolan is 26 and Antonio Moreno is 43.

Olive W. I'll be glad to tell you about Richard Barthelmess. His new picture is "Alias the Doctor" with Marian Marsh. Richard was born in New York City on May 9, 1895. He has dark brown hair and eyes, weighs 150 pounds and is 5 feet 9 inches tall. His mother was a stage actress. In 1914 he had an important rôle in "War Brides" with Nazimova but his first big part was in D. W. Griffith's "Broken Blossoms" with Lillian Gish. Then came "Tol'able David," which put his name in the big-time class.

Mimi. There may have been several reasons why William Bakewell's name had an "ell" taken out—he seems to get just as good billing as it is, so why worry if Billy doesn't? Alice White is appearing in vaudeville and hasn't any definite picture plans. Vivienne Osborne's first screen rôle was in "The Beloved Bachelor" with Paul Lukas. She has dark brown hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. She has been a very prominent figure on the stage in the support of well-known stars and has created many leading rôles for Broadway producers.

Miss T. I've had many grand titles thrust upon me but have never been called

a "boop-a-dooper" so don't start anything like that. Irving Pichel, who played with Ruth Chatterton in "The Right to Love," is over 6 feet tall, weighs 185 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. His wife is Violette Wilson, who was an actress before her marriage. The Pichels have three boys—the eldest, Wilson, is 11 years old. Irving has appeared in "Murder by the Clock," "The Road to Reno," "An American Tragedy," "The Cheat," and "Two Kinds of Women." He is under contract with Paramount, so you are apt to see him around for some time.

Virginia R. Now that the reducing diet has gone out of fashion, bangs are coming in again, but what's a good bang or two between friends? Carole Lombard, Mrs. William Powell to husband Bill, is wearing her hair banged and likes it, so my Hollywood sleuth-hound tells me. Joan Crawford is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Joan and Doug. Jr., are *not* the parents of a boy or girl or both. Joan's new picture is "Grand Hotel." For this film, the producers, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, have assembled the greatest cast in motion picture history, including Greta Garbo, John and Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone and Jean Hersholt.

Pepper-Pot. Ha-cha-cha! Don't miss seeing the revival of "Ben-Hur" in sound. It will take you back to 1926 when that film was silent and friends, Romans and countrymen did not have to lend their ears. Francis X. Bushman, Sr., was the man of

the hour and Ramon Novarro the answer to the maiden's prayer. Stuart Erwin plays with Fredric March in "Strangers in Love," and Dorothy Jordan appears with Richard Dix, Joel McCrea, and Robert Armstrong in "The Lost Squadron."

A Blue Fan. Snap out of it—the sun is around the well-known corner. Your favorite, Monte Blue, hasn't been in pictures for some time. He is engaged in manufacturing some kind of a high-powered such-and-such and keeps very busy. His wife, Tove Blue, is the daughter of Bodil Rosing, the fine character actress. The Blues have two children, Barbara Ann and Monte, Jr.

H. E. S. No, I'm not Clark Gable's secretary—but it's an idea. More fun counting the letters from admirers of Raul Roulian, who played so delightfully in "Delicious" with Gaynor and Farrell. Raul was born Oct. 8, 1905, in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. He has a charming personality and is known for his musical compositions. He will appear with Joan Bennett and John Boles in "Careless Lady."

Alma N. Eddie Cantor's history? He makes it! Eddie is 37 years old, happily married and the father of five girls. He was born in the heart of New York's East Side. His mother died before he was a year old and his father not long after. He was brought up by his grandmother until he married a childhood sweetheart in 1914. He is a favorite on the New York stage and draws down a nice big salary from his work on both stage and screen. Charles Farrell is 6 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 178 pounds. Janet Gaynor is 22 years old, weighs 100 pounds and is 5 feet tall. Phillips Holmes is 22 years old. His latest release is "Broken Lullaby" from the story, "The Man I Killed."

Mea. Dorothy Mackaill is 26 years old, is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 115 pounds and has blonde hair and hazel eyes. She appears in "Safe in Hell" with Donald Cook. Joan Blondell plays opposite James Cagney in "The Crowd Roars." Marian Marsh is 18 years old. Not related to Fredric March. She was christened Violet Krauth. In 1930 she appeared with Eddie Cantor in "Whoopee" as Marilyn Morgan but her name was changed again—to Marian Marsh. Her latest is "Beauty and the Boss."

A. B. C. No, this isn't a Taxi Department but a nice friendly group of fans trying to get the last word about their favorites. You haven't any fault to find with my column but if you had it would be because Leslie Howard, Kent Douglass and Herbert Marshall do not have spreads about them—here's an easy answer for that one. Herbert Marshall was in but one American made picture, "Secrets of a Secretary" with Claudette Colbert and then went back to the stage. "Michael and Mary," a British film with Marshall and his wife, Edna Best, has been released in this country. Kent Douglass and Leslie Howard are also back on the Broadway stage. They'd better come back to Hollywood.

Vee Bee. So you'll be grateful to me forever if I will induce the Editor to give the readers a full-page picture of Elissa Landi. Done! Appearing with Miss Landi in her current release, "Devil's Lottery," are Victor McLaglen, Paul Cavanagh, Alexander Kirkland and Barbara Weeks. Jackie Searle has been in fifty-two pictures, is in the sixth grade, is crazy about baseball, was on the air via radio at the age of three, and two years ago went in for the talkies and has been in every kid picture Paramount has produced.

(Continued on page 95)

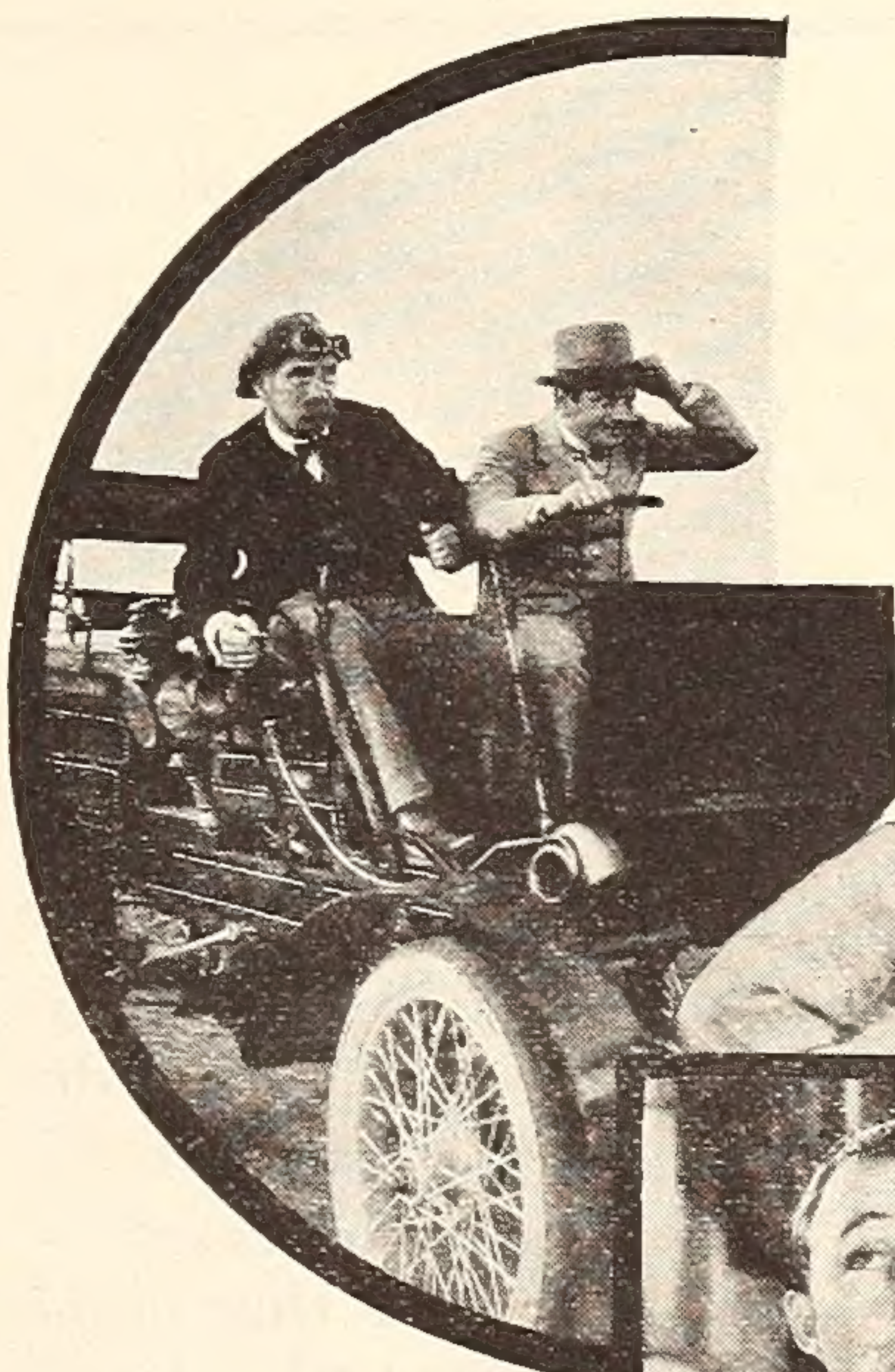
MAYBE
you've
been

MISSING SOMETHING!



MACK SENNETT
Presents
ANDY CLYDE

in
"SPEED in the
GAY NINETIES"
"It's a scream," says the
Film Daily. And you'll
agree.

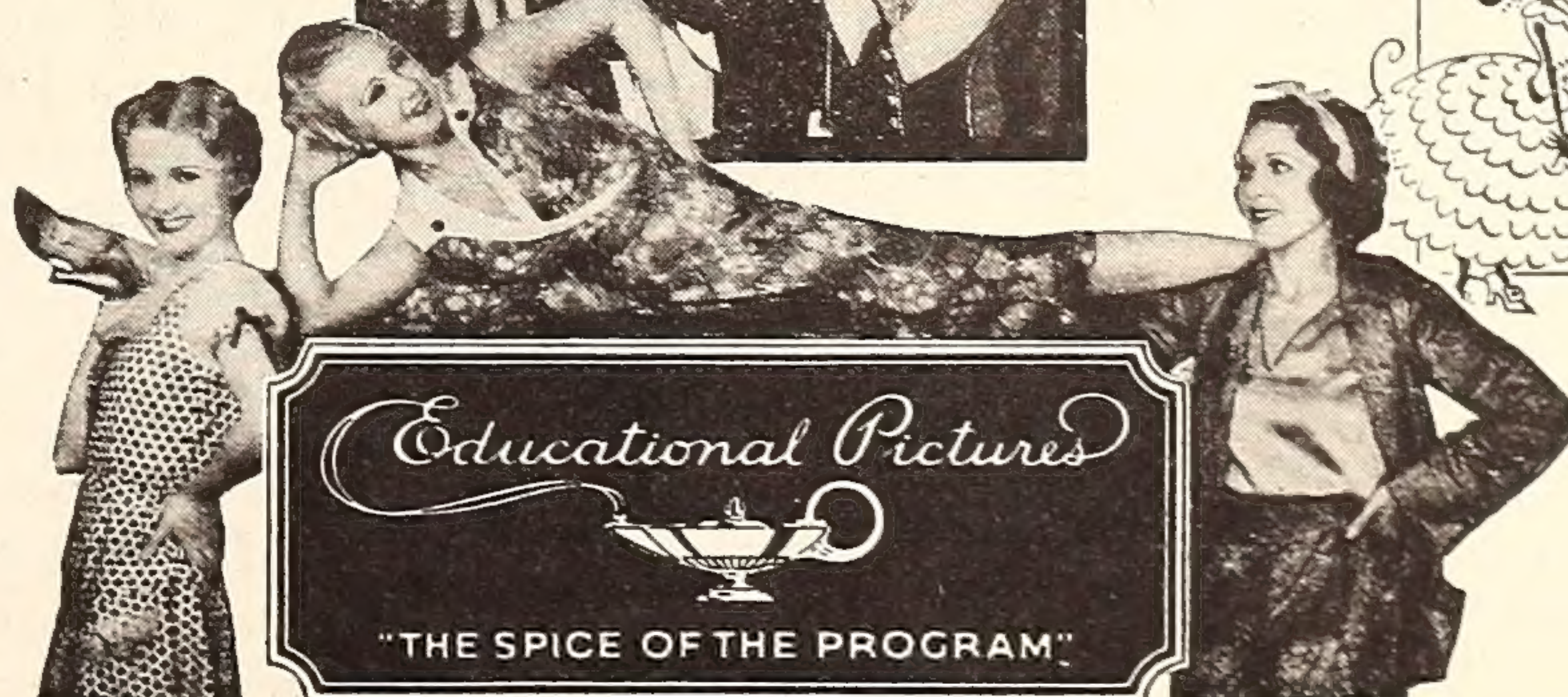


"TORCHY'S NIGHT CAP"
with RAY COOKE

Another of the delightful escapades
of Sewell Ford's mischievous office
boy. Produced by C. C. Burr.

BING CROSBY in
"BILLBOARD GIRL"
See your radio favorite and
hear him sing his popular
hits in another
MACK SENNETT
COMEDY FEATURETTE

"RADIO GIRL"
Her torch songs
were so hot they
set the studio on
fire.
A TERRY-TOON
By Frank Moser
and Paul Terry



"HOLLYWOOD
LIGHTS"
The "Three Hol-
lywood Girls" in
an uproarious
comedy of studio
life as the "extras"
see it.

An IDEAL
COMEDY

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.

E. W. HAMMONS, President, Executive Offices: 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



Hoots and Hoorays

Speak right out in meeting
—and win a prize!

Join the fan-fare of movie comment! Brush off your best verbs and adjectives and turn them into a letter on picture plays and players. Prizes of \$20, \$15, \$10, and \$5, respectively, await the best letters. Write 150 words or less, and mail to reach us by the 10th of each month. Address Hoots and Hoorays, SCREENLAND, 45 W. 45th St., New York.

Miriam Hopkins is this month's target for fan plaudits. If you've seen her in "The World and the Flesh" with George Bancroft you'll understand. And if you haven't, it's your loss!

DOWN WITH THE "DODOS!"

(First Prize Letter)

I am a film-play patron of many years' standing, and am convinced—

That films of "wild life" have not made patrons "wilder."

That films of crime stories have not made criminals.

That so-called "propaganda" films do not convert.

That such charges emanate from sources steeped in dodo-fication!

People of all nations relish good films portraying various phases of life. That's why millions and millions daily attend pictures. Here's hoping the film industry thrives, and its harsh critics dry up!

John Bristol,
Hotel Henry,
San Francisco, Calif.

THE "SILENT PARTNERS"

(Second Prize Letter)

I am an ardent talking picture fan and appreciate the efforts of the producers and stars to furnish entertainment for the American public.

But I particularly want to extend thanks to the unseen and unheard workers who help make this entertainment possible—the make-up artists, stage hands, electricians, technicians, photographers, and others. If the actors and actresses who have won popularity and stardom would only realize that without the aid of these workers they could not have reached the heights of their success!

The continued well-being of any enter-

Talk about the "mail" of the species—more than half this month's letters are from men! Is the trend of movie appeal swinging toward the masculine?

High up among the month's "raves" is Miriam Hopkins, the Georgia Menace. And how our correspondents ring that Southern belle!

Gene Raymond comes in for some nosegays, too. And do the girls go for Freddie March!

"To beast or not to beast"—that is the question that agitates "thrill picture" fans. Have we had too many "gorilla" movies? Or do we need more movie monks to jolt the old spinal cord? And how about the effect on the kids—yours and the neighbors?"

The star system comes under the microscope, too—as does the good old "privacy-for-actors" debate. But read the letters—and then get into the argument. It's more fun!

prise depends upon the co-operation and unity of its workers at all times.

Walter L. Everson,
152 Maryland St.,
Rochester, N. Y.

HET UP OVER HOPKINS!

(Third Prize Letter)

Hooray for one thing! That's for casting Miriam Hopkins in "Two Kinds of Women."

Here's a girl who knows how to emote. She gives an exact, subtle shading to every word, look and gesture.

This gorgeous young creature has that same indefinable, magnetic quality of personality that gives Clark Gable his tremendous "pulling" appeal. She "suggests" so much—if you get what I mean. Every one in the audience prides himself (or herself), that he or she "understands her between the lines." We imagine the others miss this "intimate contact," that we are keener. We like to feel intimate with our stars.

Watch this baby become the next big "rave"!

Nella Lynn Field,
484 Wickson Avenue,
Oakland, Calif.

WHOM WOULD YOU CHOOSE?

(Fourth Prize Letter)

Just suppose you were giving a what movie actress would you choose? Garbo, Joan Crawford, Janet

(Continued on page 98)

Study this face in the circle. It is a triumph of acting expression. Stanwyck has used very little make-up — no grotesque wrinkles or exaggerated age-lines. Yet here is character, dignity — the portrayal, by sheer skill, of the brave heroine of Edna Ferber's famous novel, "So Big." Hats off to Barbara—Hollywood's most fearless player.



Barbara, the star of "So Big," gave a real gold watch to little Dickie Moore, who plays her son in this picture. But Dickie adored his movie "mother" even before she presented him with such a substantial token of appreciation! Dickie shares Stanwyck's scenes like the staunch little trooper he is.



Hollywood has hundreds of beautiful girls. Hollywood has dozens of dazzling personalities. But Hollywood has only one Barbara Stanwyck. A girl who never depends upon pretty close-ups. An actress who isn't afraid to act. We'll stack up Stanwyck any day against the finest German and Russian screen artists. Barbara is honest, she is vital, she's real!



ANY DAY IN HOLLYWOOD

Lady: "Will you ask Mr. Meyerwitz if he needs any scarlet women today?"



The
Editor's Page

An
Open Letter
to
Clark
Gable

Dear Clark:

This is going to hurt me more than it does you.

I like you a lot—just because I'm an editor doesn't mean I can't pick my favorites—and I hope you like me, too. (I should think you would after all those nice reviews I've given you. But never mind.) In fact, I wish we could be friends—just good friends. Now I'm afraid it isn't to be. Because I want to take a little crack at you, Clark, and I'm not sure you can take it.

Listen! I know you can't pick your parts. I know you have to take the rôles they give you, like a good boy, and play them and like them. I'm not quarreling with you about "Polly of the Circus." Maybe you didn't like playing in it any better than I liked seeing you. But I don't blame you. Let's forget it.

No—what I want to talk to you about is something, I think, that you *can* answer for. It's just this, Clark—they have you kissing and making up all the time. It isn't the kissing I mind. It's the making-up. I wish you wouldn't do it. We don't want to think of you as an actor in Hollywood, making up your face every morning, saying your lines, going through the gestures. You stand for something entirely different. Clean,

natural, honest, human things. The big outdoors—yes, and a sock in the eye and a punch on the nose. We picked you out of the Hollywood horde and cried for your pictures because you were different. An actor? We didn't believe it. A man—more like it!

We don't care—(I'm speaking for a few thousand young ladies who write me long letters about you—and if your mail about yourself is anything like my mail about you, are you blushing?)—we don't care whether you're married or divorced, so much. It's what you stand for. We go to see you because you're rugged and real, and there's never been the slightest suspicion of the ham about you. And then you have to go and make up so that you remind us that, after all, you're just a darned good actor. We can see the mascara—maybe it's the lighting, or the camera angles, or the director. Maybe you have to make up—I don't know. But don't let us see it. Make up and fool us—we won't mind. Be tough, big boy, be tough!

Delight Swann



Here's a New Girl to Love
—Lilian Harvey!

She is called "incomparably the most exquisite of film stars—beside her Constance Bennett and Joan Crawford seem as if they were cut out of tin!" What do *you* think?

By Rebecca West

Courtesy of The New York American

Read what Rebecca West, famous English writer, says about Lilian Harvey, newest screen sensation

THE beauty and gaiety of the new Erich Pommer film, "The Congress Dances," is a great success here in London, except among the highbrows. They grimly turn a shoulder on it and express preference for gangster films of the grim and ugly sort of which all other cinema-goers have long wearied. Thus we may see how an unbalanced literary diet may stunt the growth of a generation.

Aldous Huxley, with that passion for self-analysis and self-censure which leads him to pounce on nearly every human characteristic as if it were a roach, and T. S. Eliot, who is so paralyzed by his anxiety to be distinguished that he is reduced to claiming paralysis as a distinction, have produced a generation which is afraid to make a move, in case it turns out to be derisible and undistinguished.

Consequently they rarely commit themselves to the positive act of appreciation except for objects so unlikely to arouse this feeling that they can at first pretend to be relying on an esoteric discrimination and, if pressed, pretend that this appreciation was not genuine and they were merely gratifying an extremely subtle sense of humor.

It is gloomy for those who have to do with them; but in this case they are the losers. For this film is an extremely jolly thing, which marks the beginning of a phase in which the cinema complies with the ordinary literate person's demand for complexity. There has been practiced up till now in the film an unnatural and highly inartistic concentration.

When one goes to see, say, Marlene Dietrich in "Dishonored," one's attention is nailed down to the fair Marlene, her legs, her love affairs. But Marlene interests us only because she is part of an interesting world, and has endless derivations from it and relations

with it.

The emphasis laid on her, presupposes in the audience a greater power of being contented with a single personality than even an adolescent in love ascribes to himself.

But in "The Congress Dances" there is an end to that pretense. The producers assume, and are certainly justified in so doing, that the audience will fall in love with Lilian Harvey, the girl who plays

the little Viennese glove maker, who very nearly becomes the mistress of the Czar when he attends the Congress that was called to settle the fate of Napoleon when he was bottled up in Elba.

But they also realize that the audience will have a lot of mind left over from that activity, which will be free to be amused by the pomp and ceremony of the Congress itself, and the superb character of Metternich, the cynical statesman who called the Allies together and tried to diddle them. So they use that material, and send the audience away with a satisfaction far wider than erotic.

The film, in fact, has assumed the freedom the novel has always exercised, to be large and roomy and full of all sorts of things (*Continued on page 89*)



The English, French, and German leading men of "Congress Dances," with Lilian Harvey, the star. You'll be seeing the English version over here any minute now.



Beginning

As told by
Fredric March
to Margaret Reid



You won't find this story like any other you have read about a screen actor. Fredric March insists he is "just average"—well, read his story and see if you agree with him!

ON THE face of it, a chance to reminisce at length about your life and works is highly attractive. Particularly in print, when no one can stop you by suddenly leaving the room in a state of acute boredom and nausea.

That's what I thought at first, anyway. But now that I stop to consider, I find I'd rather talk about the economic system of Liberia than about myself, which is an abnormal nervous reflex for any human being. The

reason is a distinct feeling of inadequacy in the matter of biographical color. I might say that we Marches were ever a conservative crew, but that wouldn't disguise the fact that we were simply an average American family, doing average American things. So, as a striking human document, this will bear an uncanny resemblance to the reminiscences of several hundred thousand other people!

I was born, amid a dead silence of church bells and cheering, in Racine, Wisconsin. In 1898. My parents were excited, but the rest of the world maintained a great calm. Even among the neighbors, there was little news value in the fact that the Bickels had had another baby.

My real name is Bickel. When I went on the stage and wanted a flossier name I took my mother's, which was Marcher, and shortened it to March. My brother, who is an official for a firm manufacturing cooling-and-heating systems, loves to introduce to his friends, "My brother, Mr. March, and his wife, Miss Eldridge. My brother changed his name when he went into acting." And I introduce him to my friends as, "My brother, Mr. Bickel, who changed his name when he went into weather-making."

(And what a dull little anecdote *that* was! I have a feeling this story will be rich in others like it.)

Well, I got myself born. The fourth in the family, following two brothers and a sister. I ran into luck at the start—it was a swell family. My mother was gay, charming, very naïve. We kidded her and adored her. My father was head of a manufacturing concern and a pillar of the Presbyterian Church. But that doesn't describe him at all. He has always had such wise understanding and tolerance, such humor. The most unforbidding sort of father, and yet we had infinite respect for him even though we looked upon him as an equal in companionship.

My earliest recollection is a single flash, long before my continuous memory begins. I remember eating cookies my grandmother had made, munching them comfortably beside the big bed in which my grandfather lay ill. And that is just about as uninteresting as an earliest recollection can be, isn't it?

From there we skip to the equally dramatic later boyhood of our colorful little hero. What a colorful figure he was, to be sure—completely indistinguishable from any other boy in the town. They're all of a piece—just average youngsters and deadly uninteresting except to themselves.

My one and only distinguishing feature was a revolting one. I recited. I couldn't be kept from reciting. You know the occasions—church bazaars, school entertainments, Sunday School parties. I wasn't precocious. Just plain obnoxious. I was ungodly "stuck-up" about it and mistaken teachers and Sunday School teachers

The Real Life Story of Fredric March

Here's the feature you've been asking for—the first complete account of your favorite's life—so far!



The romance co-starring Florence Eldridge and Fredric March is having a long run! The Marches are Hollywood's most successful—and devoted—dramatic deserters from the Broadway stage.

were constantly having me do it. With gestures—you know the kind. I remember one typical one, starting,

"In a dark and dismal attic
"Where the sunshine never came
"Dwelt a little boy named Tommy,
"Sickly, delicate and lame . . ."

I remember my excitement when I found that one. I locked the door of my bedroom and stayed up all night, memorizing it in case I should get a chance to inflict it on my public. I'm afraid I eventually got the chance.

My pals all thought it was pretty smart of me to be able to recite. In fact, my public appearances were so chronic that they knew half my repertoire by heart and if I, standing on the platform and carried away by my own effulgence, forgot a line, one of them would prompt me loudly from the audience and neither one of us would be the least abashed.

Outside of that malady, I was at one with the rest of "my gang." As I look back, we must have been a pleasure to have around. Particularly at that age. If people spoke to us, we wriggled and mumbled incoherently. We walked either with a shambling gait or else bounded, tripping over furniture. Around our elders, we were alternately belligerent and, if we wanted something, maddeningly polite and servile. Boys are strange, inexplicable little animals.

Racine is on Lake Michigan. We used to go swimming inside the breakwater. We'd steal lumber from houses under construction and build rafts. We'd steal vegetables from neighboring gardens and cook "slumgullion." We'd steal our fathers' favourite garden-spades and dig tunnels in the lake-bank, making all sorts of "secret passages" and "chief's



Freddie March's background—a fine American home, a father who was head of a manufacturing concern and a pillar of the Presbyterian Church. Here are the senior and junior Bickels, when Freddie was still in knee-pants!

caves," totally impractical places where we were always being submerged in collapsing wet sand.

Once our penchant for thievery even got us onto the local police blotter. We had a pretty custom of stealing watermelons and such from the truck gardens just outside the town. One day we decided on a really big haul of musk-melons. We call them canteloupe out in society now, but then they were musk-melons and to us they were "mush-melons." We loved them and determined that, for once, we would have our fill. We sneaked from our homes after supper, congregated, and made a foray on the melon-patch of a farmer. As we left, laden with melons, his son saw us, and gave chase, shouting terrible threats.

I remember clearly the terror that gripped me. The moonlit country road became an awful place. Desperately, we dropped the melons as we ran, but he caught us, shook us, and cuffed us individually, invoking the 'wrath of God and the Racine police. Paralyzed with fright, we promised to bring him money for the melons next morning. He said it would be seventy-five cents, and we trudged home in black despair, wondering where in Heaven's name we could raise such a fortune and knowing we wouldn't dare tell our families.

Finally, after a dreadful, sleepless night, I saw it was

the only way out. Trembling and ashamed, I told my father. I shall never forget what a brick he was. He remarked it was a pretty silly thing to do and not particularly nice, but he said not to be afraid, he'd fix it up. He paid for the melons and then talked with his lawyer—in great amusement, but of course we didn't know that then—and was assured by the lawyer that while we had committed a felony, the farmer in setting a price had compounded a felony, on which point he would be bound to lose in court. My father told me that and the gang were immeasurably impressed, and my father was practically a god from then on.

However, all of my childhood activity was not in shady business. Less through principle than acquisitiveness. I mowed lawns, shovelled snow, sold magazine subscriptions, collected old paper and sold it to the ragman—all the things a kid does to make a quarter or so. I liked keeping tidy accounts of all my earnings and expenditures—still do as a matter of fact. My father was pleased. He encouraged a sense of money value in us, but never irrationally.

In doing these things, I saw myself as the boy financier. You see, I read Horatio Alger. It's humiliating, but I can't remember reading any respectable literature. The "Little Colonel" series, all the Alger books, the Rover Boys—that was the trend of my reading. If only I could have known then how I'd someday want to refer to the pale little lad buried rapturously in the magic pages of some great classic!

My reading dramatized my actions, but only as it does all boys. There were the usual shows in the barn, always in our barn—because fortune had favoured me in

that a chute, built for some purpose I forget, ran from the loft down to the street and provided a Spectacular Death-Defying Slide For Life, in my wagon, as the grand finale of every show.

I remember I always wanted to be "boss." There was always the invincible argument, "Well after all, it's my own father's barn. I guess." It was mostly comedy—anyone with lamp-black on his face was screamingly funny. I wish the formula were as simple now.

As to my early love-life, I had outgrown the usual dislike of girls some time before I would admit it. Sheepishly, secretly, I fell desperately in love with one girl after another—the vague quality of my amours being compensated by their quantity. When I met the object of my passion on the street or at school, I

was invariably surly and unpleasant. But away from her, I overwhelmed her with attentions and last-minute rescues from wolves and Indians—sometimes, slightly confused, rescuing a couple of other maidens whom I fancied along with her.

It wasn't until high-school that I openly manifested a



"I couldn't be kept from reciting," confesses March, today. "I wasn't precocious—just plain obnoxious!" That's Freddie—left—and a Sunday School friend, back in Racine, the home town.

liking for a girl. Still fickle, I transferred my affections every couple of months. During the romance, the principal signal of attention was escorting her to dancing-class. I remember how big and imposing the hall seemed. There was something so festive about the girls in their starched dresses and party manners, the boys with the day's grime scrubbed off them, their patent leather slippers glistening. I can almost smell the frosty air, feel the quiver of excitement as I walked down the dark street toward the hall. I always liked to stand for a moment outside, the wind nipping my face, and look up at the windows of the bright, warm hall teeming with festivity and elegance!

Then I'd walk up the stairs, my eyes carefully averted from the office on the first floor. It was our family dentist's, and that long arm with the drill on it cast a grisly shadow on the wall of the stairs. I couldn't bear ever to get a glimpse of it on my way in to the dancing-class.

High school was uneventful except that I was president of my class, as I had been the last year of grammar school and was again in college. That chronic presidency misled my parents into high hopes for me, poor dears. And except for my *début* into oratory, orations being the unavoidable offshoot of recitations. I developed a repertoire of all the old

war-horses like "Touissant L'Overture." And I harangued with such heat that I was one of the regular stars of school and Sunday School entertainment. Finally I decided that Racine was too small for me, that the outer world should not be deprived of my eloquence. So I entered the state oratorical contest. I won the preliminary—the local contest—and, in great excitement but also with bland assurance, went to Sheboygan with my Spartacus' "Address To The Gladiators."

And came out third!

Never was there such indignation and astonishment as seethed in my soul then. I couldn't understand it. I had always been star boy at home and this sudden downfall was humiliating. One of the judges tried to console me—"Well, you know, you're still in short pants." I

was enraged. *Now* maybe my parents would see their folly and buy me long pants!

During the next year, I chanced upon Grattan's "Invective Against Corry." This was something a little different. It was a dramatic, human-sounding speech, genuinely arresting. I tried it at school and it went over big. When the state contest came around again, I entered. This time in long pants and accompanied by my father and mother, I went to Tomahawk, Wisconsin.
(Cont. on page 88)



If you saw "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" you know all about March's acting ability. Now we want you to meet the man himself—he is well worth knowing! Here's the first chapter

Caricatures *in* Cloth

See your stars in homespun.
Or, from riches to rags!



The super-sophisticated Tallulah, all sewed up by Mr. Stone, is the super-sophisticate still. We wish we could show you the originals of these clever rag portraits, but the photographs give you some idea of the tremendous amount of work that went into their making.

You don't have to hear the accent to identify your Chevalier! He might be about to burst into his "One Hour with You" song.



Miss Carole Lombard—or, if you prefer, Mrs. William Powell. Carole is really a silk-and-satin girl, but artist Stone has caught her in tweed and worsted.



Pretty good likeness of that little Sidney person—wide grin, slanting eyes, and all. Fancy seeing Sylvia in rags!





Clive Brook looks nice and natural here, and why shouldn't he? He's right at home in tweeds, like the good Englishman he is.



It's a far cry from the Oriental inscrutability of Anna May Wong to the homespun materials used by E. Stone to fashion her portrait. But the result is effective, isn't it?

E. Stone made these "portraits" from tweed, worsted, and just rag scraps he found around. But they are good, aren't they?

It's supposed to take nine tailors to make a man, but this impression, below, of George Bancroft only required some tweed and worsted—and Stone's skill.



Oakie in stripes! No one will appreciate this caricature at the right more than Jack himself. In fact, he is grinning already. And now, kiddies, let's see what you can do with a rag or two!



The coiffure, the pearl earrings, the calm poise—yes, the lady at the left is Kay Francis, as caricatured by Stone.

Are Stars Just Spoiled

THE most awful thing that can be said of a person in Hollywood is that that person is "temperamental." You may say they're "high-hat" or that they've "gone Hollywood" and get away with it. But say they're "temperamental" and you've got a fight on your hands.

When you start analyzing the situation you find that stories of "temperament" usually originate in the studio employing the star and, more often than not, it is some discreetly planted remark by an executive of the studio that starts the stories.

And, analyzing further, the remark is generally the result of a demand on the part of a player for more dough! There is nothing that upsets the studio quite so much as having some player whom they have placed under contract at a small figure and who has made a big hit, demand an adjustment of his or her contract.

Nancy Carroll at the moment is probably commonly regarded as the most temperamental player in the colony. There was a story rife in Hollywood, although I don't know how true it is, that she lost the lead in "Street Scene" because of her temperament. United Artists had signed a contract with Paramount to borrow Nancy for that part—and it was one of the acting plums of the season. Nancy was summoned from New York to work in the picture and arrived in Hollywood. Suddenly it was announced that Sylvia Sydney would do the part and everybody wondered why. It is only recently that I heard the reason.

King Vidor had been engaged to direct the picture and his contract stipulated that he was to have the privilege of okaying the cast. When Nancy's name was submitted



Portrait of Jeanette MacDonald just after the smoke of battle has cleared away! Mook says Jeanette's "temperament" seems to consist chiefly of battling for what she considers her rights. P.S. She always gets her own way.



Connie Bennett is "temperamental" because she holds out for what she knows she is worth at the box-office. Temperament? Make the most of it!

By
S. R. Mook

Children?

Hollywood says "Behave!" when picture pets pout. Then, if they get their own way, Hollywood applauds!



Arlen—no temperament at all. Oakie—plenty of it! Dick and Jack are teamed in the new air picture, "Sky Bride." Remember them in "Touchdown?"

Regis Toomey is grinning at the irony of fate! He's a splendid actor, yet he has never played a leading part on his own lot!



Nancy Carroll, that lovely red-head, started out to be a quiet little Irish kid, easy to work with. And then—well, as Mr. Mook says, Nancy looks so pretty when she is provoked that he, for one, can't help applauding!

to him he vetoed it. He is reported to have said, "I have never met her but there must be at least a foundation of truth in all these stories that are told of her and if only *one tenth* of the stories I've heard of her temperament are true I wouldn't work with her for any sum on earth."

United Artists finally prevailed upon the Paramount officials to lend them another player instead of Nancy, according to the story. As Paramount was trying to build up Sylvia at the time, and, as the part would help her considerably, they substituted Miss Sidney—which did the picture no harm.

I talked about Nancy once to one of the men who had worked opposite her. "What makes her act like that?" I asked.

"I'll tell you," he replied. "When she first came out to Hollywood she was a nice, quiet, little Irish kid. She was agreeable and easy to get along with. But she was intensely ambitious and all at once she realized that people were taking advantage of her. So she came to the conclusion that if she was ever to get anywhere it would only be by doing other people before they did her. And that's the hypothesis she's worked on ever since. If you're going to be in a fight, it's much better to have the advantage of having struck the first blow. And pictures—to her—are just one long drawn-out bout."

But Nancy seems to get what she wants. She may be everything I've heard her called—I don't know—but she gets her way about most things and her way is generally the way that's calculated to do her the most good. I don't blame her, you understand—she looks so pretty when she's mad!

On the other hand, take (Continued on page 87)



Joan *the* Rebel

Here, told for the first
time, is the true inside
story of Crawford's fight
for fame

"If it's a name he wants, if it's fame, I'll give it to him! I'll become a star!" That was Joan's battle-cry—the real reason she turned from thrill hunting to hard work!

By
Doris Denbo

JOAN CRAWFORD was a drifter on life's sea of emotions. She thought infinitely more of her private life than she did of her screen career. She was just one of the girls making her living by acting—an excitement eater and thrill hunter just because she had never stopped in her headlong careening down life's highway long enough to think! Joan was interested in Joan Crawford, the individual, not Joan Crawford, the actress or potential star.

Her romances, her thrills, her sorrows, her trials, were all private ones, intimately associated with Joan, the girl. To those intimately associated with Joan in those days she was regular, a good scout—one of the boys, or one of the girls, as the case or the company might be. Her screen career wobbled along as best it might, not personally attended. Her emotions were all spent upon her own private affairs.

Then came the turning point in her life. She believed she had lost the only one who mattered to her because someone else had a bigger and better name in the public eye. In plain words, a screen star had deliberately stolen what Joan then thought was the biggest love of her life. Today, she laughs about the tragedy of that affair, for she has outgrown and left far behind the Joan of those days, and since then she has found love in its true sense.

Joan loves intensely, with every ounce of her being. Her mind, her body, her very soul are wrapped up in the object of her devotion. She is an intense creature of moods—high, low, all blacks and whites, no in-betweens!

In one of these blackest moods one day she said to me, "When I get like this—so I just feel I can't stand things any more, I jump into my car and drive up into the hills, as deep as I can get into them—and if I must talk I *talk to them!* Early in life I learned inanimate things are the only confidantes you can trust with your soul secrets. There must be something to that Mother Nature thing, for I never fail to come down from my hills quiet, and infinitely comforted, in a way it would be impossible to describe. Silly, perhaps, to some people who have never experienced this sort of communion."

That was Joan as she used to be. Then came the sudden jolt. She lost the object of her affections before she believed herself ready. Her pride was hurt more deeply perhaps than anything else, for few men turned from Joan until she was ready to let them. But the hurt reached into her soul and left a scar there that she was determined to cover.

"If it's a name he wants! If it's fame! I'll give it to him! I'll become a star. I'll become so much more famous than *she* ever thought of being he'll wish he'd stuck! I'll show him I have the stuff!" When Joan burst forth with this dramatic little speech she meant it with every

ounce of her being, which subsequent events proved. For Joan has long since far surpassed the popularity and talent of her love rival.

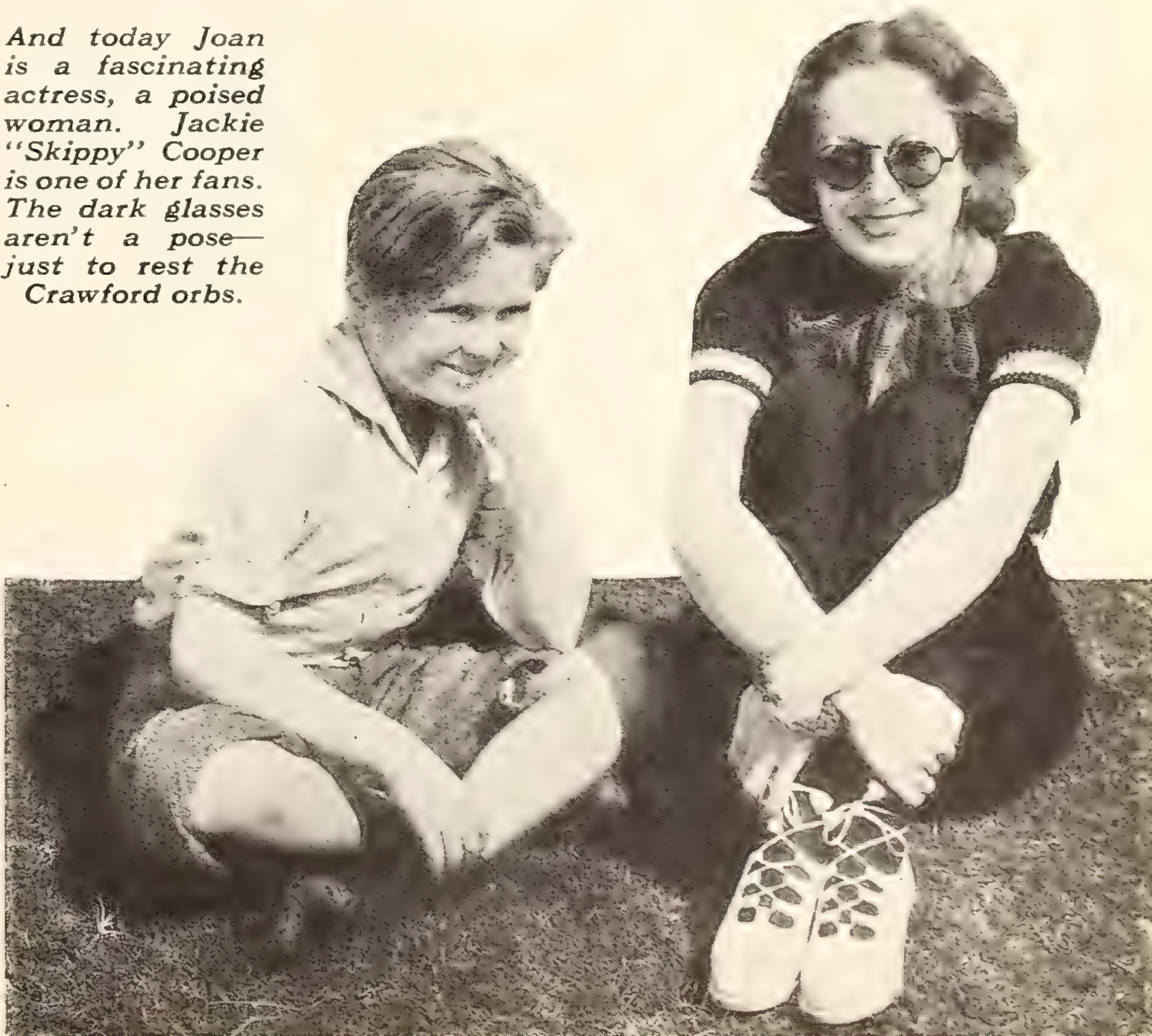
This was the first time Joan Crawford, the potential star, had been in the ascendant. Joan, the girl, the individual who was making a very nice living acting, suddenly became fired with the ambition to show someone! THE someone does not make any difference, for as an individual he did not matter much, but as an inspiration and spur to one of our most magnetic and talented stars, he *does* count.

Joan settled down to fight for recognition in earnest. She found to her own astonishment, that all the excess energy, tense moods, desire for violent activity which had always made her private life difficult, were all painlessly absorbed in attending to her work. She needed every ounce of this driving nervous energy to run her career.

She became so fascinated with Joan Crawford, actress, and her starring career, that she lost sight of Joan, the wild, uncontrolled creature of moods and fancies. She became an earnest, sincere, sensible young woman carefully planning the career of the mad young girl who had once been so intimately herself. All that intense, eager, life-burning energy which she had been burning up without an objective, was needed, and used, in a definite objective to stardom.

Pauline Frederick was her ideal. She thought her the greatest dramatic actress on stage or screen at this time. She said, "If I can only be as great an actress as Pauline Frederick I will be perfectly happy! You know, some day I want with all my heart to play with her in a picture. They tell me I look (Continued on page 82)

And today Joan is a fascinating actress, a poised woman. Jackie "Skipper" Cooper is one of her fans. The dark glasses aren't a pose—just to rest the Crawford orbs.





Nina Leeds, (Norma Shearer), undyingly worships the memory of her lover, Gordon Shaw, killed in the Great War. "Gordon, my dear one, lips on my lips, strong arms about me, spirit so brave and gay."

A dramatic masterpiece comes to the screen, with Norma Shearer and Clark Gable! Read this fictionization of the photoplay version of Eugene O'Neill's play

*Fictionized by
Mortimer Franklin*

EVEN the most deafening barrage had to end. Sudden silence, like a blow, smote the numbed hearing of the weary New England men crouching down in their trench, waiting. A moment's pause—then the shrill, piping whistle that meant, "Attack."

Gordon Shaw scrambled nimbly over the top and slid through the torn barbed-wire. Always and everywhere a leader among his comrades—in sport, in play, and in danger—now he was running across the ploughed and scarred field well ahead of the rest. Ten, twenty, fifty yards. A German machine gunner squinted calmly down his sights, picked out the nearest target, squeezed his trigger. The weapon spoke—one long, stuttering sentence. Private Shaw stumbled, clutched at nothing, and sank to the ground with three pellets of lead in his body.

"Nina!" he gasped. "Ah, my poor Nina!"

* * *

The little New England college town drowsed peacefully under its ancient elms in the afternoon sun. It was August; the students were away; life seemed to have paused, listening.

The tall, spare figure of Charles Marsden, novelist, moved leisurely down the quiet street in which old Professor Leeds, of the college's Classical Languages department, lived with his daughter, Nina. Marsden, a quiet, reflective, rather shy man of thirty-five, had known the old Professor since boyhood. Cool and poised in manner, the writer betrayed the quiet charm of a man bred in a tradition of culture but physically weak and of negative personality.

"This pleasant old town," he mused, "dozing and dreaming. What memories and thoughts it awakens! Queer things, our thoughts—they are our true selves. Spoken words are but a mask to disguise us—"

Professor Leeds, a dreamy, gentle-mannered little man with a perpetual classroom manner, greeted him affectionately. "Nina will be down in a minute. You'll find her greatly changed since you went abroad after the Armistice, Charlie. Greatly changed." To himself he added, sadly, "The first thing she said at breakfast was, 'I dreamed of Gordon.'"

"I remember that morning when news of Gordon's death came," thought Marsden. "Her face like gray putty . . . beauty gone . . . a lifeless, tragic mask. . . ."

Nina Leeds, a slim girl of twenty-five, came wearily down the stairs. Her face was striking, handsome rather than pretty; but her eyes, beautiful and extraordinarily large and deep, seemed continually shuddering before some terrible enigma.

She kissed Marsden, greeting him with real affection, yet with an underlying coolness that cut him like a thin-edged knife. "Hello, Charlie! Welcome home." "Poor old Charlie . . . what is he doing here?" she thought. "Charlie home from Europe—Gordon dead. . . . Gordon, my dear one . . . lips on my lips . . . strong arms around me . . . spirit so brave and gay . . . dead in the mud . . . Oh, Gordon, darling, I must get far away from this house . . . where I can be with my memories of you . . ."

Then, dismissing Marsden from her mind, she turned to her father and calmly announced that she had made

Strange Interlude

a decision—she must leave home at once, tonight. She would support herself as a nurse at a sanitarium for crippled soldiers, as she had wanted to do ever since Gordon's death.

The Professor argued, wheedled, commanded, and finally wept. "You don't know what you're doing—you're not yourself yet—you're a sick girl!"

"No, I'm not sick," Nina told him with quiet intensity, "but those poor boys are sick, and I must give my health to help them live on, and to live on myself. I owe it to Gordon—you must understand that, father, Gordon, whom I loved, but refused to marry because he was going to war—I sent him away to die, not even sure of my love. Don't you see, father, that I must pay for my cowardice, my treachery to Gordon?"

There was no denying her. At last the Professor gave in. Nina, with a sudden access of gaiety, ran up to her room. "Come along, Charlie," she called over her shoulder, "you must help me pack. Dear old Charlie!"

"Coming, Nina, my little Nina," said Marsden. To himself he added, with bitter irony, "Dear old Charlie! The trusted friend, the faithful old dog—never the lover!"



Nina pleads with her father, Professor Leeds (Henry B. Walthall) to let her leave home to nurse wounded soldiers back to health. "I owe it to Gordon—you must understand that, father!" Her old friend and admirer, Charlie Marsden (Ralph Morgan), realizes that he is about to lose her.

And now I'm to lose her!"

* * *

Nina's career as a nurse was short-lived. The old Professor died the following winter; Nina came home, and shortly afterward married Sam Evans, who had been a classmate of Gordon's at college. Sam, a good-natured, ineffectual sort of fellow, worshipped her in



Nina, now a nurse at the soldiers' hospital, meets Ned Darrell (Clark Gable), a brilliant young doctor who professes to scorn "love" as mere sentiment. But he is attracted to Nina because of her striking beauty.

his naïve way, and his healthy normality seemed the perfect antidote to Nina's tense nervousness. The match was encouraged by Ned Darrell, a brilliant young doctor at the hospital who, though attracted by Nina's strange appeal, assumed a strictly scientific attitude toward her, forcing himself to regard her as merely a complex "case" in which he was interested. He sought the aid of Charlie Marsden to bring the marriage about; and "Poor Old Charlie," too weak to assert his own desire for Nina, helped to persuade her.

Marriage, a home, children, were indeed what Nina and Sam both needed; and now at last Nina Leeds knew happiness. Not that she loved her husband deeply, but the marriage gave purpose and direction to her life, while the boy's passionate devotion compelled her gratitude and affection in return. From the moment she agreed to marry him her old taut distractedness gave place gradually to calm and content, and her body and mind both gained in health and tranquillity.

For awhile everything was serene. Then, following an idyllic honeymoon, Nina's happiness once more was blown to bits in one terrible morning at Sam's mother's farm.

Mrs. Evans, a white-faced, sad-eyed little woman, drew Nina aside and poured into her ears a tale of tragedy that left the girl ill with revulsion and grief. Quietly, pity-

"Strange Interlude"

is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, from the play by Eugene O'Neill. Screen adaptation by Bess Meredyth and C. Gardner Sullivan. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard with the following cast:

<i>Nina Leeds</i>	Norma Shearer
<i>Ned Darrell</i>	Clark Gable
<i>Sam Evans</i>	Alexander Kirkland
<i>Charlie Marsden</i>	Ralph Morgan
<i>Professor Leeds</i>	Henry B. Walthall
<i>Mrs. Evans</i>	May Robson

ingly, Mrs. Evans told her story, yet with a vengeful satisfaction she was helpless to control. (*"Make her suffer—as I have been made to suffer."*)

Sam, Nina learned, was potential heir to a streak of hereditary insanity that ran in their family she knew not how many generations back. "It's a curse on us all!" the old lady told Nina. It had been the work of Mrs. Evans' life to protect her son from the terrible knowledge of all this, and she had succeeded—but he and Nina must never, never have a child.

Nina, overpowered by the vision of lifelong misery that now loomed before her, protested wildly. No child—no little Gordon to recompense her for all she had lost! That was what she had married for—what Sam wanted, too, beyond all else.

"I don't believe it! It's a lie!" she screamed. "Oh, I hate Sam, I hate you both! I'll leave him and run away!" She broke down, weeping hysterically.

"No! No! You can't do that!" Mrs. Evans shook her fiercely. "Don't you see how Sam loves you? He'd go crazy sure!"

Nina, sick with horror, sank to her knees and covered her



Sam Evans (Alexander Kirkland), friend of Darrell's, confesses his love for Nina and his desire to make her happy.

Sensational drama, superbly acted! Shearer and Gable face each other in their greatest rôles!

"Dear Old Charlie" comforts Nina after her father's death, while Sam, diffident and shy, looks on pityingly.

face with her hands. "Poor Sam," she thought wildly. . . . "She's right, it isn't his fault . . . Oh, Gordon, what must I do now? Sam loved you, too . . . I can't act the coward again, as I did with you . . ." To Mrs. Evans she moaned: "All right, mother, I'll stay with Sam. There's nothing else I can do, is there, when it isn't his fault, poor boy!" Then something in her snapped—her wild, irrepressible longing gave way to sense of duty in one despairing cry:

"Oh, Mother, I wanted a son so much!" Nina groped for her mother-in-law's hand, her body shaking with sobs.

* * *

A momentary cheerfulness, like a gust of bracing air from out-of-doors, entered the sad old Leeds home where Sam and Nina now dwelt. Ned Darrell was coming to visit them, after more than a year's absence. Nina shook off the weary listlessness that had possessed her. She brightened up the house, put on her best dress, sent Sam off to buy things for a holiday dinner. Ned was their friend—and Gordon's—he was capable, intelligent, interesting, not like poor Sam!

Now it was "poor Sam" indeed. Plodding along the street toward the store, he wondered for the fiftieth time what had caused the cruel change in Nina, and in himself. ("Ever since the honeymoon she's been unhappy . . . poor girl! Got to get a grip on myself . . . making a mess of everything. . . . Gee, if we only had a kid—make all the difference—then I'd be sure she really loved me . . .")

Darrell arrived while Sam was away. Nina greeted him gaily, but his alert, diagnostic glance perceived at once that she had been through dreadful suffering. Soon she was telling him the whole story of the wretched sequel to the marriage he had arranged.

"Nina, I'm terribly sorry," he muttered, when she had finished in tears. "I don't—I don't know what to think." He put his hands over hers, gently.

"You must know what to think. I need your advice—your scientific advice this time, Doctor. You've got to stand aside and reason this thing out as if Sam and I were a couple of your

laboratory animals—to show me what's the truly sane thing to do for Sam's sake and mine." ("Once, long ago, you kissed me, Ned . . . my heart was cold then—but now . . .")

"Her body is so warm, so desirable," Darrell was thinking. "Nina . . . no, I mustn't even hint at my feeling . . ." Aloud, he said to her: "Sam needs a child of his marriage above all else. You say Sam's mother made a suggestion—that Sam's wife should find a healthy father for Sam's child. I agree absolutely—it's the only sane, the only merciful thing to do for her husband's sake, and for her own."

Nina understood. She leaned toward Darrell, her hands tightly gripping his, her face set in sudden decision. "We must remember, Nina," the young doctor went on, rapidly, "love must not enter this bargain—it would destroy the very happiness you are trying to create—Sam's happiness."

She nodded, tensely, her steady gaze holding his eyes as though in a spell. "Sam's happiness—I know." Silently, he drew her closer to him. . . .

* * *

Before many days had passed Nina and Darrell were forced to acknowledge to themselves, and to each other, that their relationship, begun as between doctor and patient, had given way to deep, burning love. Fiercely Darrell strove to fight it—



Nina and Sam spend a weekend at Sam's mother's farm. Carefree and gay, they are oblivious to the tragedy that awaits them.

Here, for the first time on the screen, human minds are revealed as they really are—with their masks ruthlessly torn away!

Nina, having agreed to marry Sam, and now with him on their honeymoon, finds peace and happiness again. Sam vows to make her happiness his life's goal.

he must not be caught and possessed by any woman—"love" was merely a matter of biology—nothing must interfere with his work, his career.

Then to Nina came the realization that she was to have a child. Once sure of this, and sure of Darrell's love, everything else ceased to matter. Once again the promise of happiness dangled invitingly before her. Her pity for Sam, her promises to his mother, were forgotten in her yearning to live and fulfill her own life. (*"I've sacrificed enough of my life to him . . . I love Ned . . . Sam must give me a divorce."*)

"Ned," she told Darrell, "we must tell Sam about us—about the child. I've given him enough of my life—it's different now. We'll be happy after all—you and I together. Oh, can't you see how I need you, Ned?" Darrell, half unwillingly, agreed.

"Sam, the doctor wants to have a talk with you," Nina told her husband one evening when Darrell was visiting them. "I'll run upstairs to change for dinner."

Sam turned to his friend affectionately. "A talk with me, old boy? What about—Nina? She isn't worse, is she?"

A wave of compassion for him swept over Darrell. "No, Sam, she isn't worse," he began, "but—" (*"Oh, God, this is horrible . . . I'm supposed to be his best friend, poor egg. . . . Can't do it . . . would finish him. . . . Got to spike Nina's guns . . ."*)

He went on speaking to Sam, hurriedly, disjointedly. "Look here, Sam, I can't stay to dinner. Got a million things to do—I'm sailing for Europe in a couple of days. And now, here's what I was going to tell you." He forced an air of bluff joviality and clapped Sam on the back. "It's good news, old kid. You're going to be a father—yes, Nina's going to give you a child! And now I've got to get going—I've said goodbye to Nina. Just tell her this for me—tell her I'll expect to find you both happy in your child—both of you! Goodbye!"

He was gone. Sam, trembling with happiness, looked after him while a blissful smile spread over his face. (*"Why did I ever doubt? She must have loved me right along."*)

When Nina came down she found Sam on his knees,



Farewell to happiness! Sam's mother tells Nina of the terrible danger that hangs over her son's head. "Oh, I hate Sam—I'll leave him and run away!" cries Nina, bitterly disillusioned. "No! No! you can't do that! Don't you see how Sam loves you?"

his head bowed in thanksgiving. Seeing her, he jumped up and took her in his arms.

"Sam, what's come over you? Where's Ned?"

"Ned's gone; but he told me the secret—and I'm so happy, Nina!"

"He told you the—what did Ned tell you?"

"Why, that you—that we're going to have a child, dear."

"Ned—where is Ned? I've got to speak to him, at once!"

"But he's gone, Nina. He's sailing for Europe—he said to tell you that he expects to find us both happy with our child when he returns."

Nina closed her eyes. It was not to be borne! "Ned—



A moment of happiness comes to brighten the misery in which Nina and Sam now live. Nina, whose love for her husband has turned to indifference, welcomes a visit from Ned Darrell—so handsome, so competent, so different from Sam.



gone!" All her heartbreak, all her desolation, were in that cry. ("Ned doesn't love me . . . he's gone! . . . forever, like Gordon . . . No, not like Gordon . . . like a sneak, a coward . . . Oh, I hate him . . . I'll tell Sam . . . I'll make Sam hate him . . . I'll make Sam kill him!")

Her face was stony, her voice dead, when she spoke: "Sam—listen to what I'm saying. Ned lied to you!"

"Lied? Nina, then you're not going to have—"

"Oh, yes, yes I am! But you—you're not—I mean—you—"

She faltered, and stopped. ("I can't tell him that—I can't . . . Look at his face . . . Poor Sam—

my—poor little boy . . .")

She pulled his head down to her bosom and began to weep quietly. "I mean, you weren't to know about it yet, Sammy."

"But Nina, darling, it's the greatest thing that's ever happened to me—to us! I can't explain it, but I'm going to make good from now on—I'll make you happy, dear. And you want me to be happy, too, don't you, Nina?"

"Yes—yes, I want you to be happy, Sammy."

("Little boy . . . One protects little boys—one doesn't drive them mad and kill them! . . . Oh, Ned, you are lost to me . . . forever!")

* * *

Nina's son, naturally and inevitably, was named after Gordon Shaw. Little Gordon proved a husky lad, showing even in childhood a natural capacity for leadership among his playmates, a spirit of adventure and fearlessness. "He's going to prove worthy of his name—a real Gordon," Sam and Nina told each other delightedly.



"It isn't his fault—I must stay with him and sacrifice my happiness to him," Nina tells herself. She does her best to put Sam at his ease.



Groping for an answer to her problem! Nina tells Darrell of the predicament she is in. "You must tell me the sane thing to do for Sam's sake and mine!"

Even before the child was born the change in Sam was evident. All his fearful uncertainty, his doubt as to whether Nina really loved or merely pitied him, vanished. A self-assurance, even a certain masterliness, imbued him now, and was soon manifest in the state of his worldly fortunes. Gradually he gained control of the advertising firm in which he had been an underling; then, borrowing capital from Charlie Marsden, he steadily forged ahead in his business sphere until, having accumulated both wealth and prestige, he came to be looked up to as one of the definitely successful men—maker of speeches to bankers and big business men, joiner of exclusive clubs, *habitué* of Park Avenue and Pinehurst.

That his happiness and success were built on sand could mean noth-

ing to Sam Evans, for he neither knew nor suspected anything of it. Nina now guarded the secret scrupulously; indeed, now that her life had fallen into a groove of quiet tranquillity, safely surrounded by husband, son, and old friends, it was she who became the defender of Sam's mental security. Darrell had come back to her from Europe, weary and embittered, unable to find the forgetfulness he had sought, and now it was he who begged Nina to let him claim her and their child. But Nina, serene in the certainty of having found her true life at last, repulsed him, kindly but resolutely.

As young Gordon grew to an age at which he was able to observe and draw conclusions for himself, he came, by an ironical twist of instinct, to hate this man who kept hanging about his mother, casting sorrowful eyes upon her, and trying in a confused, hesitant way to win the boy's friendship. There was the time on Gordon's eleventh birthday, when, seeing his mother kiss "Uncle Ned" before sending him away on one of his restless wanderings, the youngster cried out his passionate hatred of Darrell and smashed the beautiful sailboat he had given him as a gift. All of this Darrell accepted resignedly, but with a profound yet cynical sadness, not daring in the face of Nina's hostility to assert his true relationship to Gordon.

By the time Gordon was twenty-two, a senior at Cornell University, he had proved himself truly worthy of that other Gordon who still held his place in Nina's heart. Gordon Evans was the "big man" at college—not only an excellent student, but also an outstanding athlete, and now, for the third consecutive spring, the stroke of the 'Varsity crew. Sam Evans' joy in him was unbounded; to his mother he was balm for old hurts too deep for anything else to heal.

Nina was now well into middle age and prematurely gray, though still retaining her beautiful figure and the smouldering, striking quality of her eyes. Only dimly, if at all, was she able to realize how her tender love for her son had gradually turned more and more possessive. But it was brought sharply home to Gordon when, on the day when he was to lead his crew in the annual Poughkeepsie regatta, he confided to her his intention of marrying pretty Madeline Arnold, a fellow-student.

"Marry her?" Nina echoed, stunned.

Gordon nodded eagerly. "Yes, Mother. I know that should please you. You've always been fond of Madeline—"

"Yes, of course, but— Oh, Gordon, you can't—you mustn't do this to me. You know how we've planned on your finishing up at Oxford, how my dreams, my hopes, have been to see you among the truly great. And now if you marry you'll have to leave it all—be chained to a desk—I'm sure your father wouldn't approve—"

"Dad knows, Mother. He's glad!"

Sam came, loud and jovial as befitted the great occasion of his son's last race, to find Gordon and shoo him off to join his crew. Nina tried to remonstrate with both, but neither husband nor son had ears for her. They were the men—they had arranged matters—it was an accomplished fact. While Gordon ran down to the boat-house to join the crew, Sam took Nina to a motorboat. Soon they were aboard Sam's yacht, out near the finish line, where Marsden, Darrell, and Gordon's fiancée, Madeline, were already awaiting the start of the race.

Selfishness for her own ends? Or genuine, selfless desire for her son's good? Nina did not know. All she knew was that this latest blow had brought hatred into her heart—hatred toward this blooming young girl who was to snatch her son away from her; hatred even toward her husband, who, in blissful ignorance of his unreal position, was helping her boy to get away from her—her boy, to whom he had no rightful claim!

Her frantic grief at the prospect of losing Gordon to a life of humdrum mediocrity caused her to cast about desperately for a way to block him. Almost hysterical, though managing to maintain outward poise, she drew Darrell aside on the deck of the yacht while the others gathered in the cabin, tuning in the radio for the announcements of the race's beginning. (Continued on page 94)

Nina and Ned confront each other, each wondering what the other really feels. "Once, long ago, you kissed me, Ned—and now—" thinks Nina silently. "She is so lovely," Ned tells himself, but dares not speak his thoughts.



COME
TO OUR
BEAUTY *and*
STYLE SHOW

Let the Holly-
wood stars be
your guides to
grace and charm



Hurrell

SCREENLAND invites you to a special pre-summer showing of Hollywood flashes in clothes and charm. As you turn the following pages, you'll find the answers to your questions, "What shall I wear this summer? What's the smartest new coiffure? How can I keep well-groomed?" Consult the stars—they are your friends! They want to help you, and here in these pages they will give you more valuable advice than ever before. Madge Evans is pictured above as the 1932 Summer Girl—all dainty, feminine loveliness.

Hollywood Beauty Highlights

Ferenc



Russell Ball



Marian Marsh: "Remember that the 1932 bathing suits are all-revealing! You'll want your shoulders smooth—so watch that sunburn line. Your bathing-suit décolletage should match that of your evening gowns for real smartness!"

Mary Pickford: "Mind your elbows! So many girls who are fastidious about the care of their hands, their skin, their hair, seem to neglect their elbows entirely. A mistake! Elbows are pretty important this summer, so spare a little time—and cold cream—for them!"



Jeanette MacDonald: "Don't put perfume on your clothes! It belongs on the skin—personally, I dab mine behind my ears."



Loretta Young: "I like to use a drop of my favorite perfume on each knee! Why don't you try it, girls?"



Are you the Karen Morley type? Then take a leaf from Karen's book of charm and copy her coronet coiffure. Her hair follows a center parting with a braid coiled over the waved under-hair—achieving a braided coronet effect.

Why not copy
these Coiffures?



Here's Elissa Landi's "Earring Coiffure." She likes it, first, because it is not too formal; second, because it permits a soft cluster of curls at the neck, vastly becoming; and third, because it lends itself to earrings!

If you have a super-abundance of tresses, like Ann Harding, you will be interested to see how Ann solves the problem. Here's a profile view of her "careless coiffure"—it's unwaved, unbobbed, drawn simply back — and awfully, awfully hard to wear!





Bangs—or “the fringe”—are decidedly back in the fashion picture. But study your mirror and be sure you’re the demure type before you ask Louis, or Charles, or whatever the name of your scissors-and-iron man, to give you a Helen Hayes coiffure. You see, Helen has that little-girl look; it’s natural to her, and so she can effect the somewhat-quaint and get away with it. But not every girl can!



Here’s Ann, again—showing the simple arrangement of her golden crowning glory. In the circle, above, the intricate knot of gold which is achieved by separating the Harding locks into three strands and coiling one upon the other. Only girls whose locks are such a lovely shade of pale gold as Ann’s, should try this. Others should bob!



The Constance Bennett Bob, which admiring girls are asking their hairdressers to copy. Side part, loose wave, soft curls bunched at the back—and the knockout arrangement of ringlets in front of the ear. It’s the last little detail that gives Connie’s coiffure that different touch.

It's hot and tiring in the Hollywood studios, under the lights. But Mae Clarke, wearing a sports dress of green cotton corduroy with a white collar, looks cool and fresh. She has learned to rest and conserve her energy when she is not acting before the cameras.



Lily Damita carries her beauty aids with her wherever she goes. Here, on the studio "set," waiting for a "call" to go into action in a scene, she has just freshened up her make-up from the unique kit you see beside her. It's big enough to carry all the powder and rouge and mirrors Lily needs, but not too unwieldy to accompany her on the most crowded set.

Just Working Girls!

But see how well-groomed they are

THE pretty girls of Hollywood are always working! If not in the studio or on location, then at a picture premiere or a "personal appearance" or an interview. But always they must be perfection! Immaculate, shining, well-groomed. It isn't easy. They're toilers just like any other group of working girls. But they can never "let down." They must always look their best. How do they do it?

Let them tell you!



Advice to girl fans from Madge Evans: renew your lip rouge often. Never let it look messy. Wipe off the old, put on new, and keep kissable!



Frances Dee has good looks that stand up under stiff location jaunts and lots of action! But she didn't just wish for them; she works to achieve them. She pays particular attention to her stockings and foot-gear—and her hair, in any weather, is always sleek and shining.



Simplicity! That's Kay Francis' definition of real smartness. And Kay almost invariably wears either all white or all black. It's easier, then, to be really well-dressed, she believes, because she can match her accessories so easily.



POLA NEGRI—have you been catching her "personal appearances"?—matches her lip rouge and finger-nail tint. Effective?



— SUPPOSE Ma Nature didn't favor you with eyes like Tallulah Bankhead's! Just try those artificial eyelashes and presto!—that heavy-lidded look is yours.

This is
a
Sweater
Season!



Lupe Velez, that fiery little Mexican, goes patriotic this Bi-centennial in her red, white, and blue open-mesh sweater. You may see Lupe in the celluloid in "The Broken Wing," while she is appearing "in the flesh" in the Ziegfeld musical comedy, "Hot-Cha!" on Broadway.



White jersey, trimmed with red and blue, fashions this double-breasted one-sided lapel sweater worn by Maureen O'Sullivan.



There are sweaters for all daytime occasions this season. We chose Maureen O'Sullivan to model them for you because she is charmingly representative of the modern outdoor American maiden even if she does hail from Dublin! Here she is wearing a "vestee" sweater of blue and white diagonal stripes

Below, Maureen shows us the latest "turtle-neck" model—with the new high waistline, flared cuffs and neckline.



A particularly feminine sweater of pure white with a narrow red edging. Small pearl buttons give it a further dainty touch.

The world's in tune when Anita Page wears a frock of misty white lace trimmed with tiny crystal beads that reflect the moonlight! There are also decorative sleeves in the disguise of gloves



The sun shines on Malibu Beach—and Leila Hyams, after her swim, slips into this white frock with its nice, new neckline outlined in red, and its clever bodice with pearl-buttoned tabs.

A very, very smart knitted turban carried out in blue and beige, which Helen Twelvetees wears to match a knitted suit.



Adrienne Ames has good fashion ideas. Watch this lovely brunette and follow her style hints. Here she's wearing a rough beige straw accented with narrow brown velvet ribbons drawn through the weave of the straw.



Straw gets rough this season! Here is Irene Dunne wearing a black straw with a tiny rolled brim and a small brilliant red feather. Irene likes veils and usually wears 'em, but please, Irene, next time choose a heavier one so we can see it in your photographs!

HATS!



Ann Harding tops that black and white street ensemble you saw a page or two back with a little black straw with simple bow trimming of grosgrain.

Leila Hyams is a great help! We asked her to choose a hat to pose in and the girl can't make up her mind. She reminds us, though, that both large and small brims are good. So suit yourself.



Hurrell

YOU like Wallace Ford, don't you? Then watch for the special feature about him in the next issue of this magazine —you'll enjoy it!



Fryer

PRODUCERS, give Ben Lyon more parts like the one he played in "Lady with a Past" and you'll have a "new" big star on your screens!



Don English, Paramount

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

We are breaking our rule this month to show you Phillips Holmes on vacation.
No studio or location "shot" can equal this!



George O'Brien in Central Park, surrounded by the law—but it's all for the newsreels. George is demonstrating a stunt to the New York Police.

A Cowboy Visits New York

George O'Brien breezes out
of the West

By
Evelyn Ballarine

MY TELEPHONE rang, and a voice said, "Can you make that George O'Brien appointment for 10 o'clock this morning instead of 11 o'clock?"

A glass of icy water dashed in my face wouldn't have startled me more. Whoever heard of an actor, or anybody for that matter, on vacation in New York getting up so early in the morning?

But sure enough, there was George "Out-doors" O'Brien looking as bright as a red roadster in a display window. Oh, those rugged Western hombres!

"What do you mean, early?" said Big-boy O'Brien. "Say, do you know that when we're on location we get up at five in the morning and feed the horses, about an hour later we feed ourselves, and at seven we're shooting? So you see, it's force of habit.

"Westerns? I can't ever seem to get away from them. Even when I'm on a vacation—this very morning, in fact, I've got to do some trick riding in Central Park with some of your New York cops, for Fox Movietone news reels. Want to come along and watch?" That we certainly did.

"I wasn't prepared to ride a horse until I got back to Hollywood, so I haven't a riding habit with me. How'll this tennis outfit do? And I haven't seen the horse, either—hope they have a 'Western' saddle."



Here's how your favorite cowboy looks after working hours. George is now at work on "The Killer," having completed "The Gay Caballero" with Conchita Montenegro.

"Mr. O'Brien," I said when we had started for the park, "what's this I hear about you and Marguerite—" "Stop, I've heard that one before!" said George, reaching in his hip pocket with a dead-shot look in his eye and pulling out a package of cigarettes. "I wish it were true that Marguerite Churchill and I were 'that way' about each other. Here's a little incident to prove just how serious our romance is: The other night I was eulogizing the beauty of Havana to Marguerite. I don't quite remember what I said—but it must have been good, because she said: 'Stop it, George, you're getting sentimental—and I don't go (Continued on page 93)



He Keeps
Hollywood
Guessing!

Bickford! He owns a whaling ship and a lingerie shop; he makes \$5,000 a week and plants dahlias. Figure him out if you can!

HOLLYWOOD has never been able to figure Charlie Bickford out. He is as full of color as a chameleon is of changes; he has as many sides as a leopard has spots. To the boys and girls in picture-town Charlie Bickford is as mysterious as Garbo, whose lover he played in "Anna Christie." And as complex as Tallulah Bankhead, whose husband he plays in her most recent picture, "Thunder Below."

Few know the real Bickford. When he first startled Hollywood by saying "No" to Cecil B. DeMille, he was a tough egg; when he played with Garbo he was a swell actor; when he defied the studio executives he was a bolshevik and a bad boy!

So thought Hollywood. This Bickford must be crazy as a loon. Or he was putting on an act. He would soon be off the screen, forgotten. No wonder Hollywood is amazed today to find the stalwart, red-headed fighting Irishman the fair-haired boy around the studios, which gladly pay him more than twice his former weekly salary. He picks his own parts. He draws five thousand dollars a week! The best answer is: "Who's looney now?"

But the real Charles Bickford is even more colorful than his screen career. The theatre-goer who sees him in his rough, tough rôles probably figures him a hard guy. Come with me to a beautiful setting atop the Playa del Rey palisades overlooking the Pacific Ocean. Here is the Bickford home. Here I found the "hard guy of the screen" in the privacy of a secluded life, unknown to Hollywood. You'll never guess what he was doing. Clad in exceedingly dirty overalls, he was working in the garden. On the level, folks, he was planting violets!

"Go ahead, laugh your head off," he challenged by way of greeting. "Us tough mugs must have our recreation," he explained. "Besides, I'm an old-time botanist."

I found out that he wasn't kidding. Nursery experts told Charlie he couldn't make flowers and plants grow in the sandy soil so close to the ocean. Nevertheless, in the small estate that surrounds his Spanish home he has managed to develop one of the most beautiful flower gardens in southern California. Violets, pansies, roses, lilies, phlox, hollyhocks, asters, petunias, dahlias and a score of varieties of flowers and plants. Some of his botanical products have won prizes at the California flower shows. He won't be photographed with 'em!

Under the palms that shade the Bickford lawn, looking out over the vast, wild expanse of the Pacific, Charlie painted for me a true vignette of himself. He even delved into his "love-life." Hollywood still chortles over the inside story of what bad-boy Bickford once told a

prying lady interviewer who unwisely questioned him on the subject of his love-life. It was so rich and racy that the gal couldn't print it, and her ears are probably still burning.

The real love-life of the so-called bad man, however, may be found at Playa del Rey. There are three involved. Mrs. Bickford, to whom he has been married for fourteen years, is one. Doris (Bunny to her fond dad), and Rex are the other two. The girl is thirteen, the boy is 7, and Charlie worships the ground they walk on. They want for nothing under the sun. So much for his love-life.

In contrast to the rôles he plays Bickford is one of the most cultured of actors. He told me an amusing incident that occurred during the filming of a recent picture.

"After a certain scene a young actress with whom I was rehearsing said to me, 'Listen, Charlie Bickford, what's your act?' I didn't get her until she added, 'You pretend to be a hard guy, an ex-stevedore or something like that, and you just read a line with a perfect Harvard accent. What's your act, anyway?'"

"Well, she had me," admitted Charlie ruefully. "I didn't go to Harvard, but I was born in Cambridge, and I was educated at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. I've always had to watch myself closely, particularly when I was on the stage, lest my Boston accent

creep out and make me sound like a dual personality." What a guy, this Bickford! Six feet, one and a half-inch in his stocking feet. Weighs about 185 pounds. Solid as an athlete, but slender figure and erect carriage.

Flaming red hair, very blue eyes, belligerent Irish nose, the determined chin of a fighter—and freckles. Whimsical smile, crackling wit, and a mad sense of humor. He is a romantic Irish dreamer and swash-buckler; and a shrewd, hard-headed Yankee business man. He is a modern D'Artagnan in a Babbitt atmosphere.

He is both Irish and Yankee, you know. Mother was pure Irish from the ould sod, and father was a Maine Yankee. And a successful business man. The inherited business acumen of the Yankee tempers the swash-buckling spirit of the Irish, and keeps his feet on the ground. He pampers his love of roving and adventure by making mad, impromptu trips between pictures, during which he never really knows where he's going. That's the extent of his adventuring.

As a boy he took cattle boats to Europe, to see the world. In summers he also hiked around upper New York state where he would work on farms as a hired hand, providing said farm was near a lake or stream where he could fish. He was (Continued on page 84)



Doris Bickford, Charlie's thirteen-year-old daughter. It's Doris, her little brother, and their mother who constitute all of Charlie's "love life."

By

Scoop Conlon

Those were the Sappy Days!

The mad days, the glad days,
when films were dimmer—
and dumber

It's lissome Lil Tashman, girls, back in the days when she was Hollywood's MOST dressed lady, what with those layers and layers of draperies. Don't those girlish braids fetch you? And that sweetly solemn air—how the gal has grown up!

"I'm Tunney that way," Gene is telling Virginia Vance, the girl for whom he socked 'em around in an old Pathé serial. The famous litterateur and ring champion was no "lightweight," even then.



See how Trotzky, that well-known Russian author, played up to Clara Kimball Young in the good old days when he was a movie extra. "I love you a lotzky," she's emoting.



This is Adrienne Ames when she was just plain Adeline Truex. Doesn't she look like Corrine Griffith?



A snappy little party of the pre-microphone era. Noel Coward, who later wrote "Private Lives," dropped in at the Paramount studio. He's talking to director Herbert Brenon, the only man wearing a hat. Alice Joyce looks soulfully up at Mr. Coward, while behind her hovers Cyclonic Clara Bow, radiating you-know-what. Recognize Conway Tearle?



When La Marquise was just plain Connie Bennett. Connie had just arrived at Culver City to play Sally in "Sally, Irene and Mary," and director Edmund Goulding is showing her around. This all happened before Goulding ever directed Garbo in "Grand Hotel."



Barrymore and Moore! John and Colleen are playing a gripping scene (well, he is gripping her, isn't he?) in "The Lotus Eaters," one of the classics of the last decade. Colleen's pinafore is a zippy 1932 creation—1932 B. C.

Three years ago Ann was a chorus girl in those musical movies — and not a particularly clever one, at that. Now she's an actress—and a very good actress. Read the story of Ann's rise — it's refreshing!

Two Little Girls *with*



In this corner, Ann Dvorak
—a “Humoresque” girl on her
way to great things

By
Garret Fox

WHAT is it—at precisely the ripe moment—that turns an ordinary young woman into an actress of talent?

Ann Dvorak says it's “change.”

It may well be. There are arguments enough for her side of the story. She was taken into a film studio three years ago as a chorus girl. Not because she was a particularly good chorus girl, for she wasn't.

One of the supervisors saw her do a routine with a group of chorines and picked her first as the one to be discarded. But she wasn't discouraged. She slipped around and got into another group while no one was looking. The executive found her again and again told her she wouldn't do.

Two rebuffs are enough for the average girl. But Ann had used a slight pull to get herself the job in the first place. Ann's mother is Anna Lehr, who has been a star herself, and Ann didn't like the idea of letting her mother's friend down like that.

So up she went to the executive again. He had called for someone to show the others girls the routine.

“I can do that,” she said.

He couldn't have recognized her, for he told her to get out in front of the other chorines and show them how it was to be done. The music started and she began to go through the routine—but stopped after a bit when everyone laughed.

If Mr. Alger were writing this story, he would go on from here and tell you that Ann gritted her teeth, faced the chorines down with flashes of scorn and determination from her large and beautiful eyes, and thereafter did a perfect routine.

I'm sorry I can't say that. She didn't. She slunk off the set with a feeling of utter dismay. And in the process of slinking, bumped into the man who had got her the trial.

“I can do it,” she said. “But I'll have to learn it first. I'll go somewhere and learn that routine if it

kills me—and when I do, I'll come back. That's what!”

“You don't need to,” he told her. “I know you'll learn it. You'll learn it here. I'll fix it.”

So it was fixed. It was fixed so well that Ann stayed on that particular lot for three years as an ordinary chorus girl in the big musical pictures. No one noticed her. No one picked her as a budding star. No great actors fell for her fresh young beauty and offered to star her in their forthcoming productions.

Nothing happened except that she developed into such a whopping good chorine that they advanced her to the job of assistant to the studio's dancing instructor.

A pretty good job. Pretty good money. And the stars who had to learn new dances for their pictures came to her to learn them.

Naturally, after that, she began to meet people. But it wasn't until Howard Hawks, director of “The Dawn Patrol,” saw her that she got that first “chance.”

He pronounced her screen test satisfactory, and she took the lead in “Scarface,” with Paul Muni.

I don't know if you know the history of that picture. But it was quite an interesting one. It had two feminine leads. Another girl was to be the principal, and Ann was given a rôle as Paul's little sister. And then when the picture was finished and cut, like a bolt out of the blue came the news that Ann Dvorak had been featured!

Her rôle had proved such a sensational one that the other lead had been subordinated to it. It is characteristic of Anna Lehr's daughter that she thought it was something in the story which developed the part. The other girl is one of her particular friends, and Ann is one of her greatest admirers. Nevertheless Ann was featured.

There have followed two notable successes: “Sky Devils,” in which she again smashed through for a genuine success—and “The Crowd Roars,” which sent the startled executives of the Warner company into ecstasies when they saw what she had done with the part they gave her.

She had been cast opposite James Cagney—a more than ordinarily powerful actor. (Continued on page 90)

Big Futures!

And over here, Bette Davis,
a blonde ingénue with that
certain Bennett charm

By
Frank Daugherty

Richard Bennett told Bette Davis that she was an exact cross between his two daughters, Constance and Joan—and not alone in looks. But Bette has made good in Hollywood very much on her own.



AT SCHOOL she was called "Spuds." With, it may be added, about as much reason as school children generally attach to such appellations. The reason being simply that potatoes—especially mashed potatoes—happen to be her favorite dish.

Little blonde Bette Davis is just as hopelessly original in all her other tastes. In everything she does, in fact.

Richard Bennett, when she was playing with him on the New York stage, wishing to compliment her, told her that she was an exact cross between his two daughters, Constance and Joan—and not alone in looks. The comparison is apt, for she is very like each of them, but in no way detracts from qualities, as I have tried to intimate with the taste for potatoes, that are Bette Davis' own.

She is predestined to do things in a manner contrary to everything expected of her.

It may be said to have begun with her taste for theatricals. Her flair for the stage came early—in fact, before she knew that it was a flair; and came in direct contradiction to everything her ancestry and upbringing had prophesied.

Born in Lowell, Massachusetts, four days after April Fool's Day in 1908, she became the last of a long line of Davises to whom even the Lowells and the Cabots were in the habit of speaking. Her father today is an influential corporation lawyer in Boston.

But on her mother's side—her parents separated when she was very young—a brighter and more promising strain existed, a strain that even the rocky New England soil had not quite eliminated. Her mother had been descended from the Le Favres—Le Favre was her maiden name—one of the oldest and foremost of the theatrical families of France, corresponding to our own Barrymores.

Perhaps these things mean less than they seem to. Perhaps Bette simply chose the stage because she liked it. At any rate, she entered school dramatics at a very early age and acted in practically every play staged at the little co-educational academy she attended.

John Murray Anderson saw her while she was still in

school, and gave her a scholarship to his dramatic school in New York. There James Light took an interest in her, and being the director of the Provincetown players as well as a teacher at Anderson's School, made a place for her in some of the Provincetown plays.

"You've heard of them?" Bette asks fondly. And sighs when you say you have. So many people in Hollywood haven't!

She can honestly say she has never made any particular effort for a chance, either on the stage or screen. Frank Conroy, a player at the Provincetown Theatre, urged her to adopt the stage as a career. After several years there, and after playing with Richard Bennett on Broadway—an experience for which she will always be grateful—she was seen by some vacationing picture executive in New York and shipped post haste, return postage guaranteed, to the coast. Not at all certain in her own mind, it may be added, that she wanted to go at all, but dazed by the promise of success beyond all she had dreamed—and a little flattered, she confesses, that anyone should be so impressed by her work as to want to send her three thousand miles to see more of it.

Hollywood, at first a bore, captured her interest by degrees. Universal used her in several pictures, and then George Arliss saw her.

"I want that girl," he said, when he was casting for "The Man Who Played God."

"But we have plenty of ingénues—barrels of them!" protested the studio officials whose business it is to keep the cost of pictures down.

"Ah, yes, I know," repeated the soft-spoken Mr. Arliss, "but I want *that* one."

She moved from Universal to the Warner Studio and was cast in quick succession in "The Man Who Played God," "So Big," and "The Rich Are Always With Us," playing with such artists as George Arliss, Barbara Stanwyck and Ruth Chatterton.

All were helpful, but Arliss was most enthusiastic, coaching her both as to dramatic (Continued on page 84)



When Joan Bennett became Mrs. Gene Markey! Sister Connie "Marquis" Bennett attended her sister. Joan wore white, with fox fur, and a little white hat with a veil. The gentleman on the left is Capt. Alan Clayton, the best man.

Hollywood Settles Down

By Alma Whitaker

WELL, we're getting them all married off nicely, aren't we? Nothing gives Hollywood such a thrill as an eligible matrimonial subject, except perhaps getting him (or her) out of the eligible class as quickly as possible.

In fact, we love to watch Cupid doing his stuff.

The Joan Bennett-Gene Markey wedding proved wholly satisfactory. Fancy Gene managing to escape matrimony all those years. We were at once awed with admiration for his uncanny agility and concerned for his future unwarranted freedom. We almost had him married to Gloria Swanson once, only she substituted Michael Farmer as the leading man in the drama before we had taken our second breath.

Now, of course, we know we erred. Gene must have been waiting for Joan all his life. I mean, once they had made up their minds, the actual ceremony took slightly under ninety seconds. It took place before an altar of

gardenias—which, in the language of flowers, mean "perfected loveliness"—improvised at the Town House, a smart apartment building in Los Angeles. Judge Works asked them severally if they would, they indicated "You bet we will," and the thing was done. Gene will never be the same again.

Of course it was Joan's second venture. That's why she was content to appear very tailored, in a perfectly cut white crêpe outfit, with fox fur, and a cute bridalish veil dangling becomingly from her close-fitting hat. She was very demure. Her first spouse was John Fox, but he is now relegated to an incident. Gene is a clever writer, good-looking, very likable, and the son of a U. S. Colonel. He wasn't entirely happy in the "correct wear for a bridegroom" but bore up bravely.

Sister Connie and her new Marquis gave the event their blessing—Connie looking very fetching in soft green, and the wee-est bit patronizing, as married sisters

Our stars are taking Romance seriously.

Here's Cupid's latest report

will be. Papa Bennett, involved in the stage production of "Cyrano de Bergerac," failed to put in an appearance. Two weddings in the family in a couple of months were a bit too exacting for a busy father.

Joan and Gene really played a trick on their friends, outside of the few permitted officially to witness the ceremony. Everyone was invited for "high noon," and the naughty dears got married at 11 a.m. However, they stayed for a pleasant champagne reception and gave Joan's dear public, which gathered in crowds for hours outside the Town House, a show for their pains. Sally Eilers threw rice in the approved manner. As we called for our car an excited doorman thrust a crumb into my hands.

"It's only a crumb but it's sure full of sentiment," he grinned. "It's a bit of the bride's cake. Sleep on it!"

Being already well fed on bride cake, and obviously mistaken for a patient sidewalk fan, I felt a bit guilty, but would not have spoiled the doorman's fond thought for anything. Thus are the crumbs from the tables of the great cherished in filmland. I slept on it—and dreamt about editors. So unromantic!

At all events we entirely approved of Joan and Gene for giving us a real wedding ceremony, instead of sneaking off somewhere else on the elopement plan. In a general way, we deplore elopement.

Ann Dvorak, for instance, wasn't so kind. She and Leslie Fenton,

likewise an actor, slipped off to Arizona and cheated us of a function. Even Ann's mama wasn't let into the secret. It seems, however, Ann had just learned she must go to New York to play the lead in "Central Park" and the lovers just couldn't bear to be parted. Ann is only 19, and Leslie about 24. We have decided to forgive them, and hope they'll live happily for ages.

Lawrence Tibbett was an impatient swain. Grace Tibbett had no sooner finished the little matter she had undertaken at Reno, than we had Mrs. John Clark Burgard, San Francisco society widow, forcefully disclaiming to New York newspaper men that she was to marry Lawrence. She was most emphatic in her denials. She had just divorced Clark Burgard, likewise at Reno.

The ink was hardly dry on the denial when Lawrence became a benedict again, and sure enough the lady was Mrs. Burgard. Lawrence makes her third venture. We do hope Cupid knows what he is up to. Grace Tibbett is wearing a cryptic smile these days.

A wedding that met with our entire approval was that of Zoe Akins, brilliant woman playwright, to Capt. Hugo Rumbold, brother to the British Ambassador in Berlin. Everything was thoroughly regular. Mrs. Somerset Maugham, wife of the celebrated dramatist, Tallulah Bankhead, Polly Moran, Billie Burke, Bill Haines, and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bennett lent the occasion proper distinction. Zoe's mama (Continued on page 81)



Tom and the new Mrs. Mix, who was Mabel Ward, circus aerial star. Mabel is Tom's third wife. Little Tomasina Mix is pleased with her new mama, and everybody's happy!



Left and right, the latest Hollywood newlyweds—that is, as we rush to press: Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton. There's a story about Ann on another page of this issue, in which she says never a word about her matrimonial intentions—proving that a girl can keep a secret if she really wants to.



Hot off the Ether!

Here's the first of a series of broadcasts to SCREENLAND readers by New York's favorite radio columnist. Don't miss them—there's always something in the air!

- By Louis Reid

MOST of the secure stars in the radio constellation are old-timers, as broadcasting is reckoned. They came to the microphone in the early days of its history, unheralded and practically unknown, and almost as quickly as a Hollywood theme song reaches Podunk Center, became household gods.

And household gods they remain, despite the growing sophistication of listeners and broadcasters alike, despite the access to the parlors of every poohbah this side of the

Kate Smith is a "light entertainer," if you know what we don't mean. This robust lady crooner, says Louis Reid, has literally millions of followers, and is radio's most popular star.



"I'll give you a note for it, toot sweet!" promises Maurice Chevalier, screen and radio celebrity, borrowing a saxophone from Rudy Vallee. Wonder if Maurice plays?



Jordan, of the leading concert artists of the day.

You may take them or leave them. Most people take them, turn the dial regularly to them, listen attentively to their programs.

Who are some of the old-timers of the loud-speakers who sit as prominently in the radio heavens as jazz sits in Harlem?

We find such names as Graham McNamee—still, in spite of his decline as a sports announcer, the big shot among the attention-callers at the cashier's window. That he has managed to stay at the top of the heap is due, it seems to us, to the enthusiasm he imparts to the scene he is describing and to his intimate knowledge of the broadcasting technique.

McNamee's chief value to radio is the interest in sports which he has created in the feminine population of the land. It was he, more than anyone else, who put prize-fighting upon a new plane, gave it the box-office favor it might not otherwise have had.

He always glosses over the painful details. A sports event to him is a rose-tinted affair, something to be idealized. He is the eternal small boy, for whom life is a circus and a circus, life. The gals have discerned this quality in him, have flocked to him as they flock to any Peter Pan.

But there are other notable names conspicuous in the radio sky to whom the passing of the years means little dimming of popularity. A nation pays tribute to them month after month, year after year. They are the new amusement gods, perched high upon the throne of financial security.

There are Rudy Vallee, sometimes referred to as Rudy of the Vallee; Amos 'n' Andy, Morton Downey, Kate Smith. These together with McNamee, can be called the big six of the air.

With the exception of Kate Smith none of them, our spies report, is quite as popular today

as a year ago. None of them is any longer an occasion for hushed excitement in the armchairs. Yet, so exalted is their radio position that new stars coming up do not threaten it.

Vallee was the first of the crooners. With a group of amorous ballads, the best of which was an inspired piece of aphrodisiac called "Deep Night," he set grandma's heart, to say nothing of grandma's fluttering granddaughter, to beating a little faster than it has ever beat before in our time.

Naturally, such a conquest was resented—was resented by self-conscious he-men throughout the Republic. But Vallee went right on with his crooning, with his enormous appeal to the restless and lonely women of the land.

Good showman that he is, Vallee knew he had to seek new fields if he were to continue to bask in the brilliant sun of radio. And the only field left was that where the he-men toiled. Looking about, he unearthed a stein song, a bibulous tribute to the good old prohibition state of Maine. He added it to his repertory, concentrated upon it, and with it, won the esteem and enthusiasm of the masculine portion of the population.

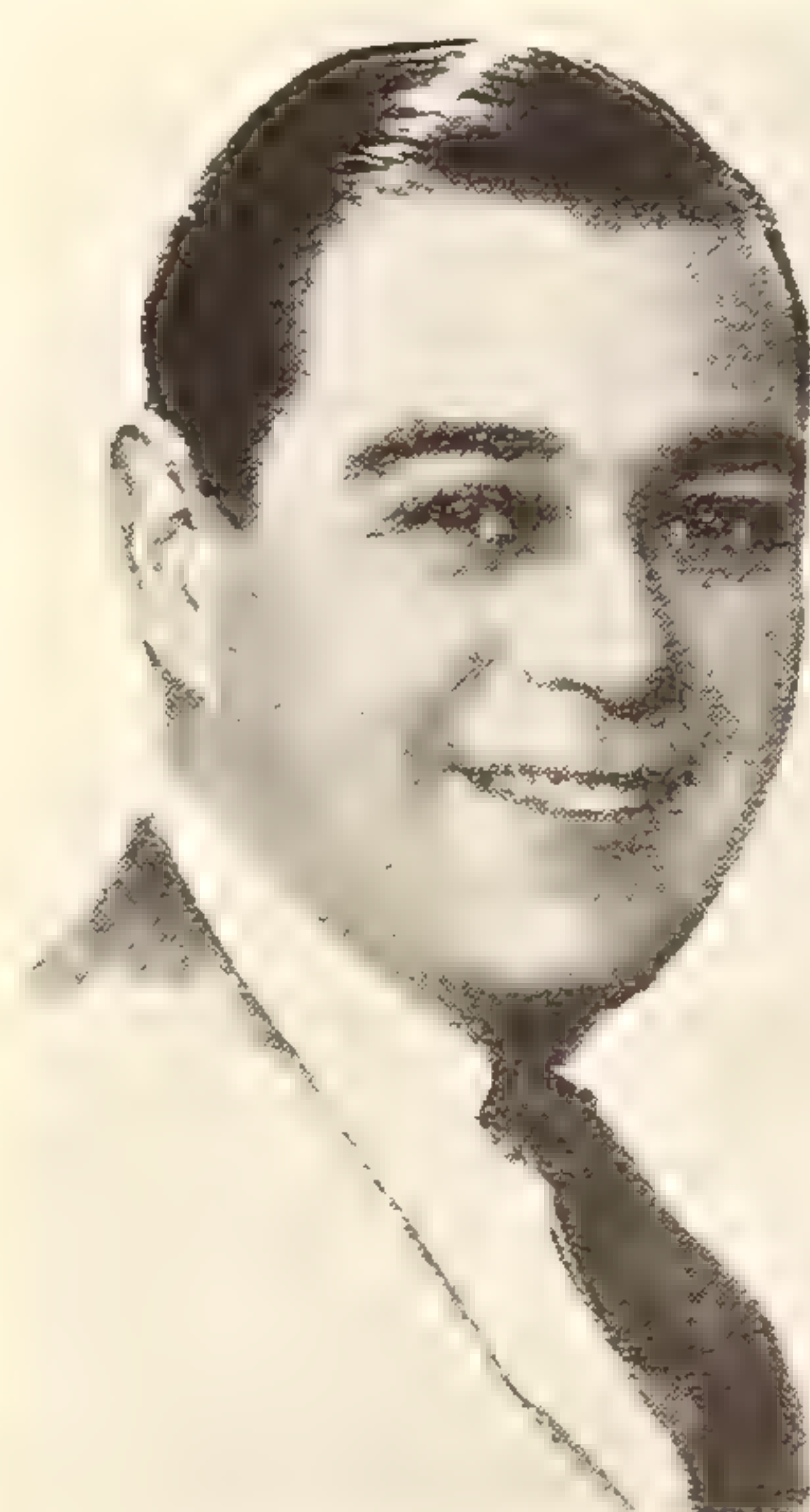
It is this ability to carve out new paths, to keep pace with new developments in music-mad America, that has kept Vallee in the top ranks, that makes him today one of the first six figures



Tony Wons, Morton Downey's lead-off man, is the most popular introducer on the ozone. Wons upon a time—but that's another story!



Buddy ("Buddy") Rogers pulls even stronger on the air than on the screen.



Morton Downey's pleasant voice is enhanced by a keen sense of showmanship.

of the microphone. It's a feat!

Amos 'n' Andy, there is no mistake about it, are no longer the breathtaking titans of the parlors. Yet, so sensational, so widespread was their fame, that they can rest for years upon their laurels. In the whole history of show business no one has ever approached them, unless it is Chaplin, as bywords in the home. Not even Chaplin ever became such a fetish, ever achieved so colossal an audience.

The rise of Morton Downey is comparatively recent. Good showmanship, coupled with a trick of singing sentimental songs in a high tenor voice, was responsible. The showmanship was displayed in limiting him to two or three numbers a night, interspersing him with a smooth dance band and Tony Wons' messages of philosophic good cheer.

The old Broadway principle of "leaving 'em wanting a little bit more" was painstakingly observed. The result was that Downey clicked—clicked to an extent that his income for a time last fall was said to be nearly \$10,000 a week.

Right now Downey sits upon the Mt. Everest of the ether, perhaps the only place that his relatives by marriage, the Bennetts (*père et filles*) would permit him to sit. An alert fellow, he is always on the lookout to hold his radio audience, gain new cohorts. After his broadcasts—two of them
(Continued on page 92)



And here's the most famous "sister" team on the air—the Boswells. Left to right, they are Vet, Connie, and Martha. Their skillful harmonizing pleases the ears of countless listeners, and you can count on them not to give you a snappy little sales talk when they've finished singing.

Reviews of the

By

Delight Evans



Jeanette MacDonald, Chevalier, and Genevieve Tobin in "One Hour with You," new Lubitsch musical.

One Hour With You

Paramount



The perfect spring and summer film-fare! You'll enjoy every minute of the new Maurice Chevalier musical romance. It is gay, light, deft, and delightful. Movie-going veterans may remember the silent picture, "The Marriage Circle," in which Ernst Lubitsch directed Monte Blue, Adolphe Menjou, Florence Vidor, and Marie Prevost to such good effect. This is the new, smart, modern version with pleasant tunes and all the latest "Lubitsch touches." And what a chance it gives M'sieur Maurice to be his most spontaneous and charming self! He plays a personable doctor who is practically forced to play cavalier to his beautiful wife's best girl friend. Jeanette MacDonald—at her very best, both vocally and optically—plays the wife, and Genevieve Tobin the friend. The music is by Oscar "Chocolate Soldier" Strauss and Richard Whiting.



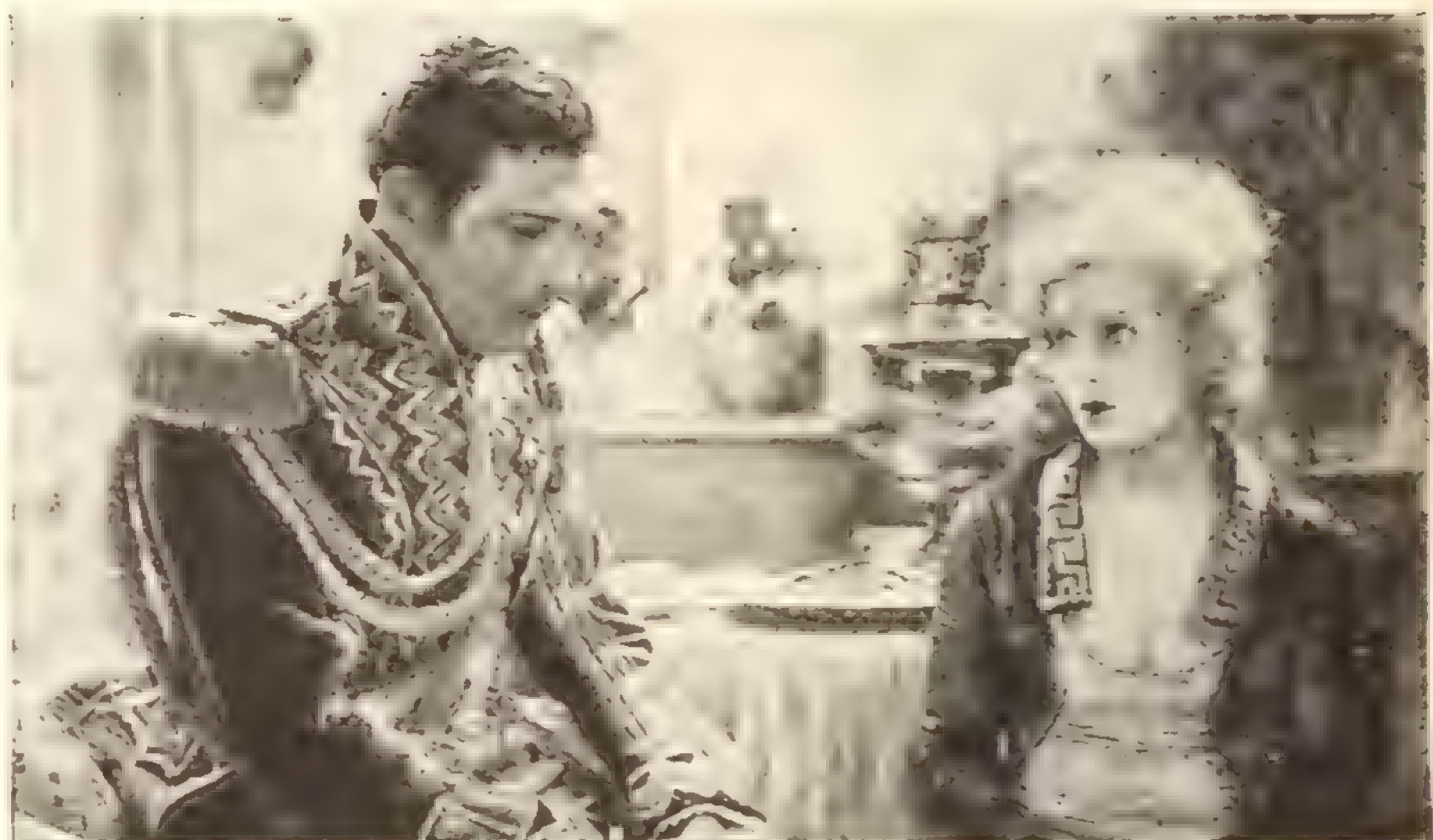
Jean Hersholt, Tully Marshall, Jean Harlow and Walter Huston in "The Beast of the City." It's good!

The Beast of the City

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



I thought all the Hollywood gangsters had grabbed themselves a handful of cloud long ago, but it seems there was one more big shot left. He was disguised, though, as Jean Hersholt, and that's why he had been getting by. But then Walter Huston became Chief of Police, and, in his usual businesslike manner, cleaned up. So maybe we have seen our last gangster? It's a swell swan-song, this film—glorifying as it does the policeman, and showing up the racketeer. Huston pledges himself to wipe out the baddies, and he makes good—but not before he gives his audience more than their money's worth of thrills. And there is real, down-to-earth drama, too, when the Chief's brother follows Jean Harlow down the ginny-sinny path, but redeems himself in a superbly dramatic finish. Huston is fine. You'll like Wallace Ford. And Jean Harlow, really acting!



"The Congress Dances" is a gay and charming film with Lilian Harvey, a blonde beauty new to America.

The Congress Dances

Ufa-United Artists



All Europe is buzzing about this picture. You'll want to be able to talk about it, too—and don't miss it when it comes to your town. It was made in German, French, and English—and this English version is excellently done. The sheer charm of the piece will enthrall you. Yes, it's a costume picture, but don't think it's heavy and pompous. It sparkles in the Viennese manner, with tunes to match. And it presents to American audiences Miss Lilian Harvey, a perfectly delicious blonde actress who will probably be in Hollywood before the season is over. She plays a little Viennese girl whose charms attract a Russian czar. Here is sex without smirks—here's gaiety, charm, romance, ideal "escape" from our gangster cycle. The cast is perfect, including Conrad Veidt, whose work you know. And you'll be humming those tunes this summer.

Six Best Pictures of the Month:

ONE HOUR *with* YOU

ARE YOU LISTENING?

TARZAN *the* APE MAN

SO BIG

The BEAST *of the* CITY *The* CONGRESS DANCES

Best Pictures



SCREENLAND'S
Critic Selects the
Most Important
Screenplays of
the Month



"So Big" is an acting triumph for Barbara Stanwyck. The film is adapted from Edna Ferber's famous book.

So Big Warners



Barbara Stanwyck believes this is her best picture. Edna Ferber, who wrote the original story, cried when she saw it—at the right times, too. And I just want to make it unanimous. It's a splendid photo-drama. Barbara's portrayal of *Selina Peake* is remarkable, first the young girl, then the woman, and finally *Selina* in her old age. In fact, it's in the latter part of the picture that Barbara's acting reaches its "Peake." (There! *That's over.*) You can call this film "an epic of American motherhood," because that's what it is. It will appeal to women everywhere, and to their husbands and brothers. *Selina* is a country school-teacher who marries a farmer, and upon his death lives and works for her son. Stanwyck's scenes with little Dickie Moore are lovely. George Brent and Bette Davis are good, too.



"Are You Listening?" with William Haines and Madge Evans, has appeal for screen and radio fans.

Are You Listening? Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



Are y'u listenin', folks? Well, I hope you are, because I want to tell you that Billy Haines gives positively the best performance of his smart-cracking career. He plays a radio announcer whose life is a series of static because he married the wrong girl. Madge Evans is his real heart but his wife, poor wretch, won't divorce him. Tch, tch! It's a pretty serious part for Haines, but he takes it big, and reinstates himself among the stars that matter. Madge, more expert and lovely than ever, fulfills all those grand predictions. Anita Page and Joan Marsh are decorative as "play-girls" who go haywire in the big town. The story is as modern as television, and has equal appeal for radio and screen fans. It's Bill Haines' first film since his vaudeville tour—let's all tune in on him. Yes, "Are You Listening?" is a very neat little numbah.



Better than a circus is "Tarzan the Ape Man," with Johnny Weissmuller as Tarzan and Maureen O'Sullivan.

Tarzan the Ape Man Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



Circus days are here again! Get the whole family and go to see "Tarzan." A lot of fun! It's a question who will squeal louder—Junior or Grandma. And if you think Clark Gable and Jimmy Cagney employ caveman tactics, wait until you see Johnny Weissmuller sneak up on Maureen O'Sullivan. This is your old friend, *Tarzan of the Apes*, with sound effects. He's the boy, you remember, who was brought up by apes and Edgar Rice Burroughs in the jungle. And how Johnny plays him! It's the swim-champ's first screen appearance outside of the newsreels, and he looks like a coming star. In fact, he's here. Maureen O'Sullivan is a charming heroine. Neil Hamilton and C. Aubrey Smith play the English explorers. With elephants, apes, and everything, "Tarzan" has appeal for youngsters and oldsters and "in-betweensters." You'd better see it.

Ten Best Portrayals of the Month:

Loretta Young in "Play Girl"
Barbara Stanwyck in "So Big"
Spencer Tracy in "Sky Devils"
Jack Oakie in "Dancers in the Dark"
Charles Farrell in "After Tomorrow"
William Haines in "Are You Listening?"
Lilian Harvey in "The Congress Dances"
Walter Huston in "The Beast of the City"
Maurice Chevalier in "One Hour with You"
Johnny Weissmuller in "Tarzan the Ape Man"

Getting Ready



Every night for at least three weeks, says Margery Wilson, the clever girl will give her face the benefit of a special treatment—read the page opposite for details. The lovely women of the screen, you know, are constant in their skin care. Ann Harding, for instance. Here you see Ann, herself, looking ahead to the summer season.

For Summer

PLEASE don't wear your last winter's face this summer! Put it away in moth-balls along with your furs and blankets, or—well, anyway, get rid of it. It's used up, out-of-date, stale!

You want a fresh face for the lovely new summer dresses and hats.

You want to firm up your figure so that you will be sleek in the new briefer-than-ever bathing-suits of this summer.

Get ready for summer! Plan your face as carefully as you do your clothes. The vogue for transparent fabrics, even in dark chiffon and marquisette suits for street wear, fairly begs for a transparent, translucent, silky skin to harmonize. The crisp linens, thin tweeds and candy-striped duck of the season will contrast smartly with the softness of a feminine face and flatter it by emphasis.

There are two principal steps in getting your face ready for summer so that it will be fetchingly pretty and at the same time protected from the abuse and exposure of vacation activities. First: we want to insure a fineness of skin, which means that we must rid ourselves of about three layers of cuticle. Second: we must tone and toughen for wear this lovely baby-skin that is now covered by the dried debris of winter winds and over-heated houses. Here is how it is done.

Every night for at least three weeks I want you to give your face this treatment. Begin by cleansing your face with your favorite cleansing cream. Leave the cream on a little longer than usual and pat it gently into the pores. Wipe it off with a soft tissue. Do *not* use a harsh towel, for your skin must not be irritated. I want to save all of its resistance for the treatment. Now put on another layer of cleansing cream.

In other words, cleanse your face twice, gently, thoroughly. Then spread a rich skin food over your face. Do not pat your face for stimulation, as usual. Just leave the skin food on a while to soften the skin as much as possible. While the cream is doing its work you can go on about your affairs. Read, write, sew, or whatever. After, at least, a half-hour go to your bath-room and draw a bowl of warm (not hot) water and put a teaspoonful of Benzoin into it. Benzoin is very softening to the skin.

Wipe off most, not all, of the cream on your face. Now wash in the warm Benzoin water with your favorite soap. Even if you do not use soap as a rule, you must use it in this treatment. The bit of cream remaining on your face will prevent the soap from washing away too much of the oil of your skin. Use your finger-tips to rub the soap-suds well into the pores. Take about five minutes for this part of the treatment.

Now, using the softest baby

**You'll want a fresh face
for your summer clothes!
Here's how to achieve it**

By
Margery Wilson

brush you can buy scrub your face gently, around your neck and especially that neglected spot directly under your chin. We are trying to remove the top cuticle gently without irritation. Don't overdo the scrubbing the first time. Remember that you are going to do this every night for three weeks. Be sure to rinse away every bit of soap. Let the soapy water out of the bowl and fill it with fresh.

warm water—put Benzoin in the first rinse water. Rinse again in cooler water, and again in cold water without Benzoin. Pat your face dry with a soft, soft towel. With a small pad of absorbent cotton pat witch-hazel over your face and neck. It is cooling, soothing, healing, and helps to close the pores. If you wish you may use instead a mild skin-tonic or freshener. Do *not* use an astringent during this three weeks' treatment. It is too severe. Now rub ice wrapped in cheese cloth over your face, dry it, then apply a generous amount of skin food to be left on all night.

The whole process, as you can see, is to soften the cuticle, scrub it away, being careful to keep your face from being irritated so that you can keep up the treatment until it is finished. Thus we gradually get down to the fresh, new, smooth, fine skin.

I have never advocated harsh, quick methods. There is usually an undesirable reaction to overnight miracles. There are splendid packs on the market that will remove cuticle from the skin, but they vary in strength and purpose. The only way to tell if you can use them successfully is to try them.

The treatment I have outlined for you takes a little longer, but it cannot harm your skin, and it will refine it. Not only that, it is the best possible treatment for blackheads and pimples. Except that in the case of pimples it is best to apply a healing salve instead of the skin-food after the scrubbing.

Blackheads that are simply an imbedded collection of winter coal-dust will disappear if you persist in this softening, scrubbing treatment. But follow the instructions exactly and give the matter plenty of time. After the three weeks of concentrating on the removal of cuticle, then start in again with astringents that have alcohol in them, for this toughens the skin.

Now, if you will use a powder foundation for protection in the day-time, you should be able to go through the summer with a fresh, pretty face that will attract many an admiring glance under a flattering summer hat.

But, when you take your hat off—oh, dear, dear, let's do something with that hair! What it needs most, besides soap, is sun and air to enliven it. You've heard of the man who opened the window and threw out his chest? Well, I want you to open the window—the one the sun (Continued on page 87)

SUMMER LOVELINESS!

It's important to look your best in sun-time, vacation-time. Bring your beauty problems to Margery Wilson, our Charm Editor who is a beauty, herself. She will answer your questions. If you wish a personal reply, please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address Miss Margery Wilson, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.



For him life must overflow with friends, laughter, romance, good food, and dogs! Here's Lukas enjoying life, while up in the right hand corner of this page you'll find him in disguise for "Thunder Below."

Paul Lukas

and the

Three Red Roses!

Romance? Lukas believes in it.
Read this Hungarian rhapsody

By Julie Lang



PAUL LUKAS is a lovable rascal!

He is the only person I know who can send his friends into black furies from which they emerge loving him all the more; and the blacker the fury, the stronger the ties of friendship bind after the hurricane.

His mood is Stygian gloom this morning—he's irresponsibly happy tonight.

There is a lot of gypsy in all Hungarians and Paul Lukas is no exception. For him life must overflow with friends, laughter, romance, good food, dogs, and a surfeit of physical comforts to be worth the trouble of living it.

He finds the romance his nature demands in his home-life. Daisy Lukas is young, blonde, slender and lovely. Their courtship makes any practical American girl grim with envy. For who among us ever received three red roses (three, no more, no less), every day for a year before discovering the sender? Who among us (married), still receives flowers, mostly red roses, upon every sentimental occasion and a lot of unsentimental ones from her husband?

Just five and a half years ago Paul spied Daisy sitting in the first row of a theatre in Budapest, watching him play the rôle of *Potemkin* in "Catherine the Great." He

caught her eye—they flirted. He vowed to find out her name and make her his wife.

So for one whole year, while he was touring Germany and Austria, he sent her, in true Hungarian style, three red roses every day, without a card.

At the end of the year, when he returned to Budapest, he arranged a meeting through mutual friends. Ten days after the introduction, they were married, and Daisy still gets red roses.

I have Mrs. Lukas' word for it that there is never a dull moment in her household. From seven o'clock in the morning, when it requires the combined efforts of the cook, three police dogs and Mrs. Lukas to awaken him, until midnight, when he battles insomnia with mystery stories, the house swarms with excitement.

Paul starts the day, when he is finally and reluctantly awake, with breakfast in bed. Effete, you say? Not at all. Just a good Hungarian custom that every American would adopt if he or she knew how delightful it is.

Because he should watch his diet, Emma, the cook, determinedly sets before him each morning a tray of orange juice, black coffee and dry toast. And every morning he wheedles more toast, buttered this time, and a plate of ham and eggs.

It seems to be a frantic business getting Paul to the studio on time. Although he vows every night that he will get up early enough the next morning to enable him to read the papers and dress leisurely, this miracle has (Continued on page 86)



Don't be alarmed—Paul also appears as his natural self in "Thunder Below." Tallulah Bankhead is giving him one of those meaningful looks in this scene from their film.



You'll see Tala co-starring with Luis Trenker in "The Doomed Battalion." She is a blue-eyed blonde, rather tall and stately. She speaks Polish, German, Roumanian, and now English.

That Lovely Lady from Vienna

Presenting Tala Birell, the latest little import—and she's not in the least like Garbo!

By
Alma Whitaker

THE astrologists will tell you that those born under the sign of Virgo—that is, between August 22nd and September 21st, are cool-headed, practical, methodical, critical, industrious and intelligent. They waste no time in dreaming. They know on which side their bread is buttered.

Now Tala Birell, who will be introduced to the English-speaking public as a co-star with Luis Trenker in "The Doomed Battalion," by the Universal studio, was born on Sept. 10, 1908. One's first impression is all Virgo.

Yet there is nothing about being a good actor for this sign. Virgo people are recommended for commercial and mercantile pursuits. So some other sign or star must have intruded when Tala was born, in Bucharest, Roumania. For a great many people including Max Reinhardt of Berlin and Carl Laemmle, Jr., of Hollywood, have the highest opinion of her dramatic ability.

Like Garbo, she is rather tall. Her hair is a soft blonde and her eyes, though large, a rather cold blue. Or perhaps she was tired when I talked with her, right

after twenty successive rehearsals of a scene with a baby. The baby was required to laugh but preferred to cry, especially when Tala was speaking her lines. It didn't want to wave to a fictitious daddy off in the Tyrolean Alps. But either way, Tala explained concisely that she did not wish the baby to steal the scene. Babies so often do steal any scenes they are in.

Presently we repaired to Tala's dressing room. Here she was all poised decorum. One was conscious of remembering that her mother was a Viennese baroness and her uncle, Baron Bogdanski of Poland. Tala and I both avoided mentioning these aristocratic connections—but the studio has no such delicacy, so that I was well informed.

They rather like titles in Hollywood, you know. I mean keeping them a secret just isn't done, especially when they are as authentic as Tala's.

Her father is interested in oil. His name is Carol Bierl—Tala's real name being Natalie Bierl—but the Birell was considered easier for (Continued on page 92)

Critical Comment



After Tomorrow
Fox

A nice, simple tale of every-day people. Marian Nixon and Charles Farrell are charming as the lovers whose families are dependent upon them for support, and therefore delay their marriage. The film drags a bit, but director Frank Borzage did a fine job with this sentimental tale. It's Farrell's best part in a long time, proving he can get along without Gaynor.



Impatient Maiden
Universal

This one had a nice idea to start out with but something happened. Lew Ayres, as a young interne, and Mae Clarke are in love, but financial difficulties prevent them from marrying. Their problem is interesting until Mae's "on the make" employer steps in. Una Merkel and Andy Devine provide laughs. You'll like Mae and Lew—a grand love team.



The Wiser Sex
Paramount

Claudette Colbert turns sleuth when she learns that her fiance, Melvyn Douglas, has been framed by racketeers. Claudette disguises herself in a blonde wig and goes after her prey, Lilyan Tashman and William Boyd. Nothing new or exciting about this yarn. Lil Tashman steals the scenes she's in. Nice acting all around, however.



Hotel Continental
Tiffany

A crook drama in a hotel setting. The action takes place the night before the hotel is to be razed. There's gold hidden in them thar rooms and Theodore Von Eltz wants it, but so does Peggy Shannon. Who wins? The law, of course. But we leave Peggy and Theodore in a clinch. Rockliffe Fellows and Ethel Clayton have minor rôles. It's entertaining.



The Lost Squadron
RKO

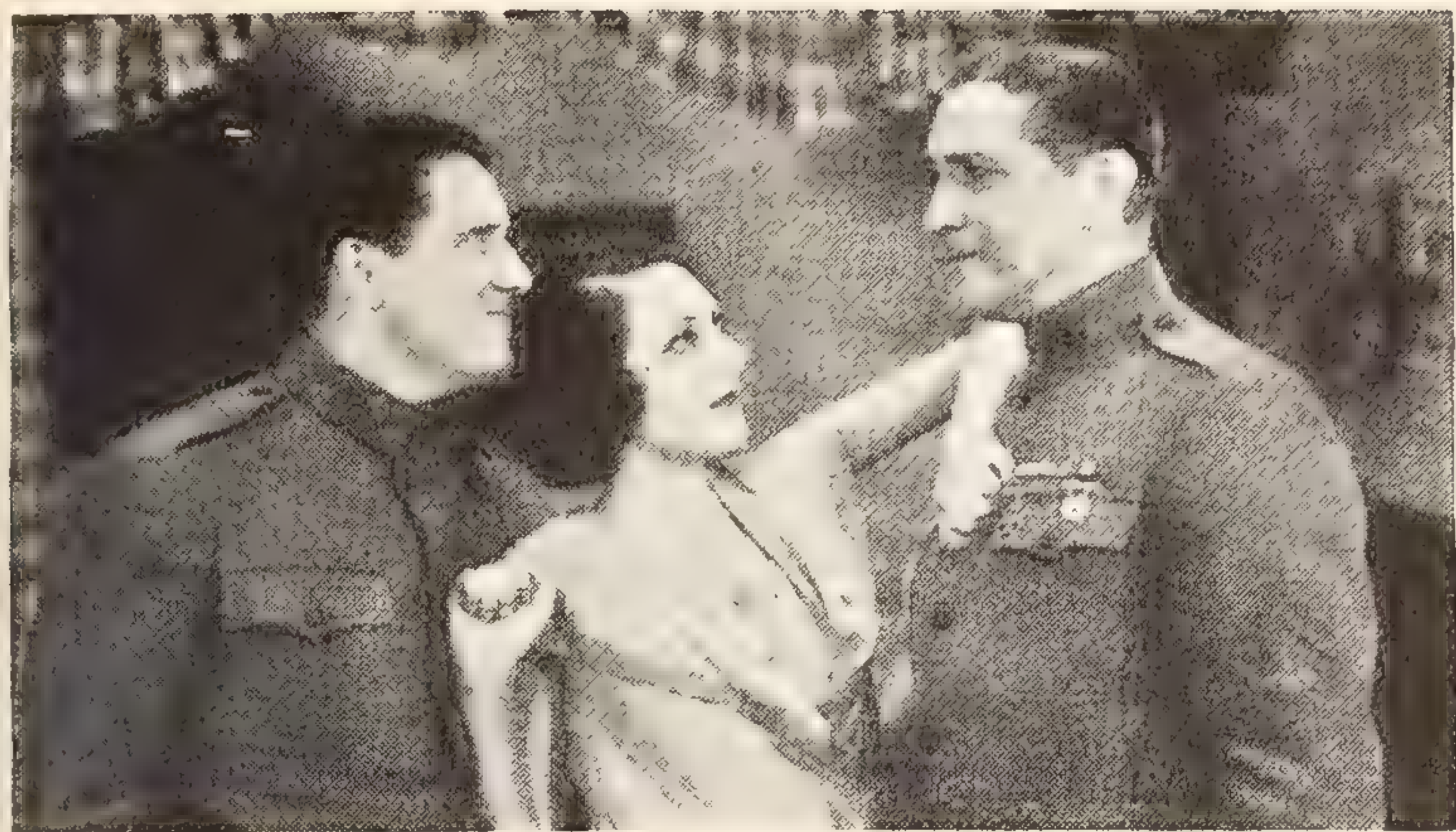
Here's something different in air pictures! The aviators were war buddies and are now stunt fliers in a motion picture. Eric Von Stroheim plays a thrill-mad director. Excellent acting by Richard Dix, Von Stroheim, Robert Armstrong, and Joel McCrea. The girls are Dorothy Jordan and Mary Astor. Dix faces keen competition but scores, nevertheless.



Strangers in Love
Paramount

Fredric March in another dual rôle; he plays twins—one nasty, one nice. The nice brother is an outcast. The bad brother dies, so the entire film deals amusingly and lightly with the nice brother trying to impersonate his kin. March and Stuart Erwin are grand, and Kay Francis is a gorgeous heroine. It's good fun! Stuart Erwin is real star material.

on Current Films



Sky Devils
United Artists

Spectacular air shots, swell acting by Spencer Tracy and corking gags. The story is a lot of rowdy nonsense, but who cares? It's entertainment! The theme smacks of "The Cock-Eyed World," with William Boyd and Tracy pulling the 'friendly enemy' act. Ann Dvorak is the girl. The picture belongs to Tracy. See it—just for fun.



Dancers in the Dark
Paramount

It's the players, not the story that make this one worthwhile. Miriam Hopkins plays a taxi-dancer who sings torch songs and has a past. Put them all together, they spell "hot-cha." Jack Oakie tries to squelch her romance with William Collier, Jr.—and then proceeds to fall in love with her, himself. Oakie steals the whole show. George Raft—new—also scores heavily.



The Passionate Plumber
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Can you imagine Buster Keaton as a gigolo? Of course, it's funny—it's supposed to be! Besides, there are Jimmy Durante and Polly Moran to add to the merriment. It's rough, rowdy slapstick, and Durante and Keaton have a grand time clowning. And the audience cheers. Irene Purcell is a fine comedienne. We want more Durante-Keaton comedies!



The Heart of New York
Warners

Here you are, folks—step right into a rubberneck bus for a trip to the Lower East Side. If you like delicatessen humor you'll laugh along the way at Smith and Dale, as a pair of too-boisterous Hebraic comedians. George Sidney gives a fine, legitimate performance as a pathetic little inventor who finally clicks. Ruth Hall is pretty as Don Cook's love interest.



Play Girl
First National

This just missed being included among the six best screen sellers. It gives us Loretta Young in the best rôle of her career—a shop girl who marries a ne'er do well, Norman Foster, and then her troubles begin. You will agree that Loretta is a splendid actress in her emotional moments, and always charming. Laughs by Winnie Lightner and Guy Kibbe—of the broad variety.



Disorderly Conduct
Fox

Spencer Tracy joins the cops—and a robust, romantic bluecoat he makes! Then graft rears its ugly head—but fear not, Sally Eilers is on hand to throw temptation for a loss. Sally and Spencer turn out an enjoyable evening's entertainment, full of giggles and palpitations. And there's Dickie Moore for the kiddies. This one will make you a Tracy addict. What a personality!

See what Hollywood's done to Sylvia Sidney!

Behold Sylvia's "American Tragedy" bob!



After—Sylvia's Hollywood bob! Like it? Gives Sylvia a new and piquant personality, doesn't it? That over-the-right-eye wave has more than a mere dash of deviltry.



Going, going—bobbed! Here's a little close-up that will bring tears and a lump in the throat to more than one girl who has gone through the painful process of having her tresses snipped off! But Sylvia is bearing up pretty well while Wally Wetmore, of the Paramount make-up department, shears her raven locks.

Before—the Sylvia of "An American Tragedy" and "Street Scene"—demure, appealing, but not just what Hollywood wanted. So Sylvia, being obliging, submitted to being bobbed. What do you think of the change?

For eight whole years—throughout her entire stage and screen career, in fact—Sylvia Sidney staunchly refused to be bobbed! She knew her own smooth, shining, sleek coiffure was distinctive and original. Then—she went to Hollywood! Sylvia's successes on the screen are too well-known for us to reiterate. She was hailed as a fine actress, a new and refreshing personality. But one day, Boss Paramount had an inspiration. Sylvia Sidney—bobbed! How would she be? Well, let's try it and see! Sylvia held out at first, then agreed gracefully. There was a lot of excitement—and some grief—on the lot the day those gorgeous locks fell under the scissors—in fact, Sylvia's mother seriously considered calling it "the American Tragedy bob." But then Sylvia looked in the mirror, and everybody looked at Sylvia, and pronounced the operation a shining success! Sylvia's rôle in "Merrily We Go to Hell," which calls for short hair, offers her sensational opportunities, and she is making the most of them. Watch for this new Sidney—and let her know what you think of her new bob!



“Willie”!

By
Joseph Henry Steele

Powell is “Junior” to his wife and “Willie” to his cronies. Read this and you’ll see why

HE WENT through a physical examination, from top to bottom; the doctor pronounced, “According to the examination you should be the healthiest man in California.”

“But I still feel terrible,” answered William Horatio Powell.

Now known on the screen as William Powell. For several years he used the middle initial “H” because he did not want to be identified with another William Powell. Today *the* Powell’s fame obviates the need of differentiating alphabets.

If he were rich enough to quit and do as he pleased, he would rather be a vagabond (in comfort, of course!) and roam around the world with no particular itinerary. There was a time when he was addicted to fancy shirts and multi-colored neckties, but he has suddenly developed an aversion for such vanities and is now the unchanging wearer of plain white shirts and black ties.

He has a baritone voice and a suppressed desire to sing. He loves to sing. Always wanted to sing. But, somehow, he managed to fall short of the classification. He used to sing in the high school glee club. As a boy he sang bass and his range was two notes lower than it is now.

He is left-handed in everything but horse-back riding. He has never owned a Rolls-Royce. He is not a good horseman. He is extremely fond of eating.

He is indifferent to all kinds of smoking. Once in a great while he may smoke a cigar but even then he does not inhale. He does not like first nights at movie theaters, or any nights at big, noisy cabarets.

He likes dogs, horses, and cats. He cannot stand canaries. He fears poverty and has but one ambition: to achieve financial security.

He considers the Seville-Biltmore Bar in Havana, Cuba, the most-interesting refreshment market in the world. Shakespeare is the only poet who does not bore him. He does not care especially for the Pacific ocean, preferring the Atlantic and its resorts.

He does not believe in making personal appearances.



Studying lines is Powell’s pet poison—but he usually gets them straight. Left, Bill with Carole Lombard.



He is very fond of Mexican food. In fact, he likes all kinds of queer dishes, highly spiced. He has a special passion for hot peppers. He likes to shoot craps.

He does not have a house at Malibu Beach. His effort to keep in

physical condition is chiefly a constant battle against fat. He hung around pool-rooms as a boy. He is not a collector of first, rare, or limited editions.

He considers “Ladies’ Man” his worst picture and “Street of Chance” his best. He has no hobbies. He has no particular goal or aim for the future. He has never seriously planned to direct a picture or write a book.

He plays golf fairly and tennis badly. “I am much worse than Dick Barthelmess (*Continued on page 90*)



Reginald Owen, excellent actor of stage and screen, is seen on Broadway right now in "Child of Manhattan," which is first producing venture of Peggy Fears, ex-Follies beauty.



Dorothy Hall, known to screen audiences, plays the blonde cabaret girl who married a millionaire in "Child of Manhattan." This play is headed for Hollywood, says DeCasseres.

The Stage in Review

By Benjamin DeCasseres

"Hot-Cha!"

LUPE VELEZ, Bert Lahr, aided and abetted by the handsome Buddy Rogers, yanked the new Ziegfeld show out of what might have been a fizzle from the standpoint of music and libretto, which are old-fashioned and commonplace. But, anyhow, the Signor Ziggy must be admired for not evolving with the rest of the musical comedy tribe into satire. He now belongs to the old aristocracy and he cannot be bolsheviked.

It's all in Mexico, where the chili bean, daggers, guitars, tangos and revolutions grow on every rubber-plant. And here the beautiful, dainty, arch Lupe, in her flashing robes, shone in all her pulchritudinous glory. She is a good little comedienne, too.

Bert Lahr, with his mixed-pickles face, his cock-eyes, his tongue-tied hot-air, set the house in gay roars as a matador who not only tossed but threw the bull. Some of his antics and jokes need manicuring and scrubbing, but he is a great clown.

Lynne Overman and Marjorie White helped out. Veloz, Yolanda, and the De Marcos did some beautiful dancing. Scenically, it is a Ziggy Grade A production with the help of Monsieur Urban. The book is by Messrs. Lew Brown, Ray Henderson and Mark Hellinger.

"Child of Manhattan."

In nineteen scenes, this play by Preston Sturges portrays to us a "gal" who rose from unbelievable cabaret

innocence and ignorance to be the cutie-wife of one of New York's exclusive millionaires.

She has a baby, too. It dies. Gets a Mex. divorce and then—on and on this endless thing goes through tears and laughter and more tears and moonlight until the curtain descends on the champion trick-cabinet play of the season.

It is not without its smart wise-cracks, and also some unnecessary girl-whispering. What it all means is plain enough—"we are selling this to Hollywood." Peggy Fears, Mr. Sirovich's friend, produced it for Monsieur Sturges.

Reginald Owen, Dorothy Hall and others disported themselves. And isn't the public about fed up on this cabaret stuff?

Night Over Taos.

Maxwell Anderson, one of our better dramatists, went American-historical in his new play, "Night Over Taos." It is really an old-fashioned costume picture transposed to the stage.

It is laid in Taos, New Mexico, in 1849, where *Pablo Montoyo* with his old feudal ideas makes his last stand against We Democrats from the U.S.A. *Pablo* picks his women, executes a son who betrayed him and intends to bump off another son for necking his own little girl when his conscience persuades him to drink poison. I was glad.

It is nothing but good old rant and fustian. It is as hollow as the Hollywood Music Bowl. All this matter



Buddy Rogers and Lupe Velez, your old friends, aid and abet Bert Lahr, whom you met on the screen in "Flying High," in Ziegfeld's new show, "Hot-Cha!" It's a Mexican romance with music, gags, and much excitement.

is far removed from life today—and even the motives for living today.

The Group Theatre put it on, and although Gertrude Maynard, Morris Carnovsky, Franchot Tone and J. Edward Bromberg did their staccato best, I couldn't see anything in it but something that maybe Doug. Fairbanks the elder might take a crack at.

"The Warrior's Husband."

Homer, Hercules, Achilles, Ajax and the whole ancient world comes in for a vigorous slap in the phiz in one of the big and sudden surprises of the season, "The Warrior's Husband," by Julian Thompson.

It's a chortle, a smash from beginning to end. The sex world is topsy-turvy in Pontus, capital of the Land of the Amazons. The women are the warriors. All the concepts are reversed that exist between the Lord of Creation and the Weaker Vessel—and we have some of the rarest doings since "Lysistrata."

Romney Brent as the "husband" of the Queen of the Amazons did the funniest thing of his career. Feminine, with whiskers, he is a continuous scream. And this is not cheap stuff. Brent is a comic artist of high calibre.

Katherine Hepburn as Antiope, the sister of the Queen, did superb rough-and-tumble work. Don Beddoe



Here's Marjorie White, clever little comedienne of Fox films, who supplies some of the fun in "Hot-Cha!" Glad to see you again, Marjorie!

played Homer, the press agent of the Greeks. Al Ochs was Hercules. Irby Marshall was a stately and rip-roaring Queen who wore the sacred girdle of Diana. All these were perfect, along with Colin Keith-Johnston and Porter Hall. The rarest dish of the season.

"Riddle Me This!"

John Golden landed, after two or three swats, with Frank Craven and Thomas Mitchell in Daniel N. Rubin's gripping play of humor, thrill and drama, "Riddle Me This!"

Charles Richman, one of the most finished actors on our stage, is the villain, but such a lovable, suave villain! He's the most ingratiating gentleman that ever squeezed a woman's throat unto death because the lady entertained a Romeo.

As the curtain rises we see the doctor (and, by the way, this is the fifth doctor that the playwrights have pinned murders on this season) finishing up his wife. Then we see him build up his sleuth-tight alibi. Looks as though nothing could get him. But lo! and behold! here are Tom Mitchell and Frank Craven. Tom is a detective and Frank is his newspaper pal. It's a great team for risible wrinkles. And they squeeze every drop out of the parts. And they get the Doc.

Well, I'll tell you no more (Continued on page 81)

Screen News

Hop aboard our Hollywood special—news and gossip of your film favorites

GARBO as a platinum blonde! You'll have to believe it—in her new picture, "As You Desire Me," she wears a silver wig. The effect is startling!

Hollywood was sorry when Ann Harding and Harry Bannister issued those announcements of their intention to sever the bonds. Of course, everyone knew that Ann was steadily forging ahead in her screen career, while Harry, for some reason, didn't seem able to get a break. So they agreed that it would be better for both if Harry ceased being "Ann Harding's husband," as he himself frankly put it, and struck out on his own again. Ann was ever so tactful about it, saying that her husband was gradually losing his screen identity "due to Harry's constant and generous efforts to forward my interests, often at the expense of his own." Harry's statement said that he had had "the love and respect and devotion of the very great and lovely person who is my wife," but that they had agreed on divorce as "the quickest and best solution to our eventual complete happiness."

RKO sent the "Bird of Paradise" company, starring Dolores Del Rio, to Hawaii, you know. Dolores worked



Wide World

So that's what Lew Ayres thinks of Hollywood! He installed an amateur observatory in his mountain-top home so that he and Lola Lane can see a few stars once in awhile!



We've caught you, Arline, with a young man on your knee! Here's Miss Judge's idea for keeping "next" to her favorite screen actor.

very hard, put in long hours, and would go to bed exhausted every night. This because she managed to take hula-hula dancing lessons on the side. She has returned an expert, which is a bit incongruous with her ethereal type of beauty. Cedric Gibbons, her spouse, gave her an almost invisible platinum chain to take along, from which was suspended a tiny "C" in diamonds. Dolores wore it with almost superstitious faithfulness throughout the trip.

Grace Tibbett, ex-wife of Lawrence, is occupying her time giving radio talks about the stars. She says she doesn't need the money but must have something to keep her busy. One notes that she holds Ramon Novarro in high favor. I mean, enough for Hollywood to "view with interest." They are good friends.

However, Ramon confused the issue by sending Greta Garbo yellow roses as an intimation that he was in town,

after "Mati Hari." For a young man who once assured us he yearned for nothing so much as to retire to a monastery, Ramon is doing rather well with the ladies these days.

Word from Doug Fairbanks, Sr. from Papeete, where he is filming some South Sea island stuff. Doug says the native women insisted that a certain day portended exceptional good luck for any undertakings; so, although his company was not ready to start work, they decided to obey the superstitions of the island. Especially as they warned him that the late F. W. Murnau disregarded these warnings when he filmed "Tabu." His tragic death was, they said solemnly, no surprise to Tahitans.

Radio themes will be among those to supplant the gangster idea in film-land now. Half a dozen pictures centering around radio are in the making.



Wide World

A new "ace of Cubs." Jackie Cooper met Rogers Hornsby, the Chicago ball team's famous manager, at the Cubs' Catalina Island training camp. The Cubs promptly elected Jackie honorary mascot.

"Wild Waves" at Paramount promises the most naughty satire, as it does to radio what "Once in a Lifetime" did for movies. They are wavering between Rudy Vallee and Bing Crosby for the title rôle, and will probably change the name to "The Crooners."

Rudy Vallee, by the way, evidently has decided to make Hollywood his permanent home—he has bought an \$80,000 house in which to frame Fay Webb, former film actress, in her new rôle of Mrs. Rudy Vallee.

Another radio picture to watch out for is "Are You Listening?" with Bill Haines—reviewed in this issue. Universal is working on a radio theme too—"Radio Patrol."

They'll work the radio idea to a frazzle now!

Karen Morley is the pale, intellectual type. The part with the Barrymores in "Arsène Lupin" was her first real break. It took three years to make the studios notice her. Yet she is a genuine product of Hollywood—high-school gradu-



Wide World

Here are some of the Hollywood younger set, getting all balled up at Malibu Beach. Ogling from left to right, the pretties are Julie Haydon, Anita Louise, Phyllis Clare, Rochelle Hudson, and Arline Judge. Heap good medicine-ball!

ate there, and daughter of a local real estate man. Worked her way through college for a year, anything but wealthy, wearing unassuming clothes and not able to afford any of the things that make college life joyous.

She wanted to be a woman doctor, but it cost too much in days when Dad's real estate broking was painfully broke. So she did chores for the Pasadena Community Playhouse and worked for the chance to act. One of our most hard-working and ambitious young actresses—only twenty-one now—yet she manages to exude poise and serenity.

Noticed how they are breaking out into song again? Pola Negri, Genevieve Tobin, Miriam Hopkins, Marian Nixon, Warner Baxter, Stanley Smith, Jeanette MacDonald, Janet Gaynor, Lupe Velez all bursting into song in pictures. Billie Dove's singing in "Cock o' the Air" was done by a double. Chevalier, of course, always does his own. Ramon hasn't been singing so much for us lately, but the fans hope he will again soon.

Charlie Farrell has discovered that he should not sing, but Janet Gaynor has apparently not yet succeeded in singing through her pretty little mouth rather than her pretty little nose.

Perhaps they will let Bebe Daniels sing "Carmen" for us yet. This is Bebe's most ardent ambition. It is also Pola Negri's. Funny if we had two "Carmens" in competition as when both Mary Pickford in "Rosita" and Negri in "The Spanish Dancer" gave us the identical story in a silent picture a couple of years ago.

Pugilism is getting a new vogue too, now, since the success of "The Champ." Jackie Cooper is taking boxing lessons and will do his own punches in



Shuffling around the deck. Dolores Del Rio beat all comers at shuffleboard during the trip to Hawaii to film "The Bird of Paradise." At the tropical island Dolores learned to toss a hectic hula-hula.



"Limpy." Jimmy Dunn is a boxer, too, in a forthcoming picture.

Oh, yes, did you know they were scheming for a picture to co-star Jackie with Marie Dressler? That ought to be a pippin if they can find a good story—and they usually manage.

The world première of "The Wet Parade" at the

Here's a burning scene from "Sinners in the Sun," with Chester Morris and Carole Lombard. Looks like a "thrill" picture—the other kind!

Chinese Theatre in Hollywood established a new young actor, Robert Young, in the front ranks. He and Dorothy Jordan received wild acclaim from an almost exclusively picture and newspaper audience. Wally Beery, acting as toastmaster, lavished praise upon them to loud applause.

A tremendous picture this, which somehow leaves the disconcerting impression that both wets and dries are equally amusing! The election sequences are wickedly satirical. The burying of John Barleycorn at a religious revival meeting reeks of irony. The scene showing a first-class bootleg distillery in full blast, clear unto the printing of every type of liquor label, is painfully hilarious.

But one shudders to think of this devastating picture of Prohibition America being shown in foreign countries. As against that it is likely to have a hot controversial interest for wets and dries alike in any part of the world under the American flag. Because, you see, every preposterous revelation rings true. And actually, with all that, it is not propaganda. It was courageous for M.G.M. to produce it, things being as they are.

It isn't the heat, it's Mary Carlyle, blonde and pretty. Pretty—er—well, pretty.



It seems that both Sister Connie and Daddy Richard wanted to write the scenario and direct the picture of Joan Bennett's wedding to Gene Markey. But baby Joan set a stubborn little Bennett lip and ran the show herself. She chose the Town House for the locale because that was where she met Gene, and she was jolly well going to be sentimental if she liked.

Now that the gangster idea has been worn thin, it won't be such good pickings for male stars from now on. Femininity will come into its own again. Good heavens, we even have Fox Studio declaring that, in the promised talkie version of "What Price Glory," "the feminine lead will be stressed." Oh, really now! At the moment a dozen beauteous dames are being tested for the blissfully unmoral *Charmaine*.

Victor Varconi



Corinne Griffith entertained Royalty when Prince Lennart, grandson of the King of Sweden, and his bride, Karin Nissvandt, visited her at the Paramount British studios at Elstree, England. The Prince, who is an amateur movie photography fan, took shots of Colin Clive (left), director Paul Stein, "Mrs. Bernadotte," and Corinne. Miss Griffith's first British-made talkie, "Lily Christine," is now being released.

emerges as a playwright. He has written "Two Worlds," which he is to produce under the distinguished auspices of the Hungarian Government.

We had him in Hollywood for a few weeks, completing work on "Mountains in Flame" with Tala Birell and Luis Trenker. He looks well, and happier than since talkies came in and spoiled a rapidly soaring film reputation for him here.

Boris Karloff doesn't look like *Frankenstein's* monster when he is playing good old English cricket with Clive Brook, Ronald Colman, Conway Tearle, C. Aubrey Smith



and that large coterie of British actors.

June Clyde wears her handbag strapped to her wrist, with her watch set in the bag on the outside. It doesn't look half as clumsy as it sounds.

Fay Wray feels swanky—she licked Dick Barthelmess at ping-pong, and Dick thought he was an unbeatable champion.

Robert Coogan comes down from the clouds to share his lunch with Prosperity, a stray pup on the set.

Things are looking up in Hollywood. The Paramount Studio alone gave out checks to 10,000 extras during the month of March, and other studios make equally encouraging reports. Paramount, for instance, used 1355 people in "The World and the Flesh."

Ruth Chatterton has her life all mapped out for the next ten years. Just so many more pictures, then stage producing, with probably her own theatre, and so on. That practical little lady knows exactly what she wants and how to go about it.



Elissa Landi, Hollywood's writing actress, has just published her third novel, "House for Sale," issued by Doubleday, Doran.

When someone asked Ernest Lubitsch what was the chief requirement for a film star, he answered cryptically, "To be able to stand altitude."

Mama was trying to eke out a living selling things from door to door. Then she heard a studio was looking for a cry-baby. So she took four-year-old Cora Sue Collins along, and presto, mama's financial troubles are over. Cora Sue can weep beautifully by just thinking of sad things.

Don't anyone tell that baby, "Oh, dry those tears!"

Since Billie Dove met President Hoover in Washington, she has acquired a new air. She is a model of discretion, and reports blandly "The President was looking very well." Billie may get an ambassadorial job yet!

Adrienne Doré and Ross Alexander, the latter another handsome New York actor, dance constantly together.

Danny Danker lunched with Lois Wilson twice the other week.

Lina Basquette seems to have renewed her romance



Waiting for last-minute instructions! That's what Charles Bickford is doing, according to the photographer who snapped this scene from "Thunder Below," with Charles and Tallulah Bankhead. Now look here, Charlie!

with Allan Roscoe. Looks as if it might take, this time.

Marlene Dietrich is to sing ten songs in her next production, "Velvet." If they want to make musicals popular again, ten is too many, no matter how good Marlene's voice may be.

When Jetta Goudal and her Harold Grieve moved into their gorgeous new apartment, Jetta had planned a housewarming party. But the day before the event the electric lights were still not completed. Jetta explained, the electricians deplored, but said they wouldn't be ready until a couple of days later.

That was when Jetta proved her masterly and compelling eloquence. The electrician says he was simply staggered, noggled, flummoxed, and knows exactly what a certain Cecil B. de Mille once went through. The men worked all night, against all union rules. Jetta got her lights in time.

We asked Jetta if this story was authentic. She positively blushed. "I'm afraid it is," she admitted. "You bet it is," quoth Harold.

Leonor Semamiegos, younger sister to Ramon Navarro, arrived in Los Angeles by airplane after a voyage across the Atlantic. She is a nun, and has been transferred from a convent in Spain to a Catholic orphanage here. Sister Leonor is the youngest of twelve children, and one of three of Ramon's sisters who are nuns.

When Joan Crawford wished to rest and relax during the filming of "Letty Lynton," she had to lie out straight on a padded board. You see, she has to wear a gorgeous sequin gown, very tight, which would be utterly ruined if sat upon. *Voila*, Joan reclines!

It is requiring all sorts of scientific legerdemain to put over the "thoughts" of the people in "Strange Interlude," Norma Shearer's picture in the making. You see, about half the dialogue is devoted to what the people really say and the rest to what they are actually thinking. For the audience to "get it" that thinking must be done out loud. A nice little problem to solve. Don't miss the fictionization of "Interlude" in this issue of SCREENLAND.

Charlie Chaplin will probably be home when this is in print. Our globe-trotting Charlie elected to sail direct for the Orient from Europe, via the Red Sea. Wanted to launch "City Lights" in Japan himself, thank you, and make sure the business end of the situation was properly taken care of.

In the meantime, he sent Alf Reeves, his manager, an order to buy a \$20,000 boat. Some of us think this might mean he intends joining Doug, Sr. in the South Seas. Anyway, there isn't a sign that Charlie intends beginning work on a new picture. Probably means to loaf all summer.

Will Rogers says Mrs. Rogers presented him with that new automobile

as a reward for staying away from home three months. Will, like Charlie Chaplin, now talks of buying a yacht.

Bill Haines is escorting the ex-wife of Benjamin Glazer very frequently these days.

Sidney Fox is seen much in the company of John Negulesco, the artist.

Tom Brown and Arletta Duncan, new young players out at Universal, appear very much in tune with each other.

Gene Markey, Joan Bennett's new husband, is the adapter of Pirandello's "As You Desire Me," Garbo's next picture.

Gossip declares that Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn are married, but no one is admitting anything just yet.

While the stage is migrating to the films, numerous recognized film people are trekking to the stage.

Louise Fazenda, for instance, did such a joyous piece of work in a naughty skit on the much-discussed play, "Lysistrata," called "Lizzie Strutter," at the Domino Club in Hollywood, that she was immediately swamped with offers from New York stage producers. In the meantime she sallies forth in a bright vaudeville skit. She finds she adores acting before an audience.

Marguerite Churchill is another girl who has gone Broadway for a spell, and is very happy about it.



An actress who's going far—and she's all set to begin on this overgrown kiddie-car. Joan Blondell recently was made a star by Warners; but she would have had that gay grin on in any event.



Make your finger-nails part of your costume! It's fun to try different effects at different times with different dresses. Cutex Liquid Polish comes in "Cardinal," "Rose," and, of course, "Natural" for the conservative taste—choose your color and put the finishing touch to your loveliness.

The Truth about Cosmetics

By Mary Lee

ISN'T it grand to discover a toilet item that really satisfies you—that does what you want done? This is the thought that kept running through my head when I used Cutex Liquid Polish for the first time. A week later when I noticed, to my surprise, that it was still intact on my nails I thought, "Thank the Lord, I've found what I've been looking for—at last!"

Here is a polish that sticks like a friend who wants to borrow money! Its smooth consistency is a delight, as it flows on so evenly without those annoying, tiny bubbles. All of which is a lot of beauty and service for 35 cents!

And the colors! From colorless and natural on through the pinks and reds to deepest garnet—they are all attractive. The most conservative woman will cling gratefully to "Natural" which is really what the name implies. The gayer woman, the daring woman, the woman of fads and fancies will delight herself with different effects at different times with different dresses.

Coral nails with a beige frock, perhaps. "Cardinal" with a black frock is dramatic—and so is "Cardinal" with white. Then, too, their lovely, soft shade "Rose" just belongs with a pale blue or delicate pink gown. Men love these soft colors!

The colorless polish is just the thing for the woman

whose own nails are so beautiful that she feels any color would be like "gilding the lily." Their natural perfection is revealed through the utter transparency of clear, colorless Cutex.

While I am speaking of finishing touches that give the utmost in loveliness I want to tell you about Princess Pat powder, for it is *different*. If you are one of those women who is extremely particular about what she uses on her face and wants to know that fine, beneficial ingredients are in her powder, you'll be interested in knowing this.

Princess Pat powder is different because Almond is its base instead of the rice or corn starch usually found even in expensive powders. And Princess Pat powder is only \$1. The particles of Almond being so much finer than those of other bases, Princess Pat powder is more invisible on the face, gives a smoother appearance, clings longer, and is really good for the skin. Almond is soothing and softening, helps prevent coarse pores and consequent black-heads. So you are buying more than a beautiful powder when you buy Princess Pat Powder.

If you are planning a motor trip you couldn't do better than to take along a tin of Princess Pat Skin Cleanser. I suggest the tin instead of the jar (*Continued on page 91*)

The Stage In Review

Continued from page 73

of this absorbing comedy-drama because I do not want to spoil a splendid evening for you. Erin O'Brien-Moore, Blyth Daly and a half dozen others played their parts perfectly, which is what you might expect when I tell you Frank Craven himself directed.

To say this would make a picture is as obvious as saying that malt makes beer.

Laurette Taylor.

Delighted!—we all were delighted to see Peg o' My Heart back again where she belongs, on the Broadway stage. She did a couple of old Barrie plays, but what difference did that make? The beautiful, mannered, dreamy-faced Laurette satisfies us to the full in all she does.

And she is an artist. First she plays with subtle, brushing, evanescent touch the sophisticated woman of the world, *Alice Grey*, in Barrie's "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire." You all know that delectable sentimental satire by heart, I hope, children. Then bang!—the beautiful Laurette appeared as a very old and unkempt London charwoman in Barrie's "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals." From the grand dame to pure ugliness of form and face, but not of spirit, if you know that gentle little war-story of the fellow she adopted fresh from the trenches against his will.

Peg Entwistle was fine in the "Alice" play as a play-struck daughter intent on saving the mother's reputation. Charles Dalton was not so well in "Alice," but Lawrence Fletcher as the Scotch soldier in the one-act war-play was very good.

"The Moon in the Yellow River."

The Theatre Guild having ransacked and pillaged every capital in Europe for plays arrived at Dublin. Out of this city it took a play that is one hundred per cent Irish, "The Moon in the Yellow River," by Denis Johnston. I liked it very much as a play of ideas, with some brilliant and penetrating remarks such as "The Irish believe in fairies, but trade in pigs," and "The birth of a nation is never an immaculate conception."

This play is weak in conventional story-construction; but is again redeemed by the vitality and reality of the characters. It is political and concerns the attempt of the Republicans to blow up the power-house. The Free Staters are against such amusements. It is a poetic and cynical mixture of comedy and tragedy; and there's the eternal Irish magic everywhere.

Claude Rains as a philosophical, disillusioned Irishman, with the most brilliant lines in the play, did a splendid bit of work. I should vote him the most finished actor of the Guild. Henry Hull as a rebel who saw, like *Li Po*, the moon in the Yellow River (meaning he is a kind of direct-action Shelley) was not in his element. Egon Brecher had a fine part, a German who owned the power house. The character is German; but Brecher muffed it, to my mind. John Daly Murphy was comic as an old sailor and Alma Kruger strenuous as an Amazonish agitator.

"The Inside Story."

Al Woods, slow of movement, finally got started on a crook drama that I pronounce fine and dandy. It puts a bomb right under the men higher up in gangdom, paints a Governor and a District Attorney in none too bright colors, and has a heart-disease finish. An innocent fellow has a couple of minutes between him and the chair—but, well, you know he didn't get there.

Louis Calhern plays *Louis Corotto* who slings around the whole government of a Mid-Western State (wait till Eddy Robinson reads this part!). There's a goil, of course (Marguerite Churchill from Hollywood), reporters, cops and hotel maids. It's a nasty frame, but the girl has a gun in her sleeve—and big Corotto goes out.

Calhern is a vital, chilly villain. And the rest click, especially the Doomed Boy, Roy Roberts, and the high political boss of Edward Ellis.

If you want to think, this play will make you gasp.

"Wild Waves."

Osgood Perkins perks his most strenuous in "Wild Waves," a sprawling and fan-

tastically nonsensical satire on the broadcasting studios; but for all that the play doesn't half click. Perkins is one of my favorites. He is good either in hard-faced drama or rapid-fire wise-cracking. But I wish he'd had another play. (Why don't you write it! yells Doc. Sirovich.)

Anyhow, here is all the alleged hokum (and I don't believe a word of it) knocked around the stage of what goes on behind your radio: fake crooners, gangsters, hard-boiled executives, nutty announcers, and an attempt at a love-story, which is rather wishy-washy.

Betty Starbuck, John Beal, Bruce MacFarlane and Ray Denny helped along in a cast of forty-four characters. The play is by William Ford Manley. Bing Crosby may do it for the screen.

"Money in the Air."

Who killed—?

But that tells you what kind of a play Thetta Quay Franks wrote. Well, who did kill *Arthur Hamilton*? It's out on Long Island, where these days everybody seems to be either a polygamist or a murderer, at least on the stage.

The novelty about this play is that you see no detectives, no Ed. McNamaras, no know-it-all Inspectors. It's laid among the *Vere de Veres*, of the North Shore, and the "crime"—which is really only an "accident"—seldom gets above a whisper. It's polite society's way.

It's all pretty weak, and the acting of Vera Allen, Hugh Buckler, Katherine Stewart and others didn't help much. I had a dream that I could see William Powell walking through this play.

Lou Holtz's Vaudeville.

Lou Holtz did the profession a good turn in these blue-pill times by staging a vaudeville circus with some big headliners like Clark and McCullough, Lyda Roberti, Vincent Lopez, Venita Gould, Benny Baker and a slew of others in a grand review at pop. prices. You can get your money's worth here. Lots of fun, and nothing but.

Hollywood Settles Down

Continued from page 59

did the honors charmingly. A regular Episcopalian minister tied the fatal knot. Everything was the pink of propriety. When you consider that Zoe wrote "The Greeks Had a Word For It" you can see how careful we should be about judging authors on their writings.

Monta Bell, author and director, selected Mayor Jimmy Walker to forge the shackles of his second marriage. Monta married Betty Lawford, actress who made her screen debut in "Gentlemen of the Press" which Bell directed. Monta must be in his forties. Betty is 19.

It was an enormous relief to have Richard Dix safely married. I mean he had been a bachelor for so long that we had almost despaired of getting him off the shelf. We had had him rumored engaged dozens of times. So when Winifred Coe finally agreed to put an end to Richard's bachelorhood, we sighed with relief. Now, after some few months, we have the nicest reports on Richard as a benedict.

Here it may be mentioned that Joel McCrea is now our most exciting bachelor

and seemingly unassailable. Joel has dared to say he doesn't like women. We even tried to marry him to Constance Bennett at one time but Gloria's ex-marquis successfully intervened. Yet here he is, still being sought by Connie as a leading man—she says she'd rather postpone a picture than make do with someone else. Joel, as you may guess, has a way with him. It's going to be hard to get him settled down. Tallulah Bankhead likes Joel a lot these days.

Norma Talmadge may settle a lot of troubled speculation if she and Joseph Schenck, United Artists producer, finally are divorced. Then, of course, we shall not be satisfied until we have married her off to Gilbert Roland. We admit to seeming a bit precipitate on this subject. There is infinite possibility, too, that Joseph himself will not be allowed to remain long unconsolated.

We note that Loretta Young is wearing an imposing ring said to have been presented to her by Geoffry Rafael, 20-year-old son of an English banker.

If the news is true that Ronald Colman has at last persuaded his English wife to divorce him, we shall be all of a flutter getting Ronald settled all over again. We might observe that Ronny has been most discreet in his conduct in Hollywood.

The wedding of John Considine, producer, and Carmen Pantages gave us a glow. You know when Carmen's dad and mother were respectively involved in unpleasant law-suits, Carmen gave John his freedom. It wasn't fair, she said, to link him up with the family woes. In the meantime, it looked as if John might be seeking consolation via Joan Bennett. But John evidently remained faithful and renewed his suit when the troubles were dispersed. He was married to Carmen a few weeks before Joan married Gene Markey.

Somehow a Tia Juana wedding did not seem entirely appropriate for Una Merkel. We would have expected church, minister, bridal gowns, bridesmaids for Una, to keep her in character. But she and Ronald Buria, a young engineer, slipped across the Mexican border and put one over on us.

The honeymoon has to be postponed until her contract with M.G.M. is completed. By the way, she looks more like Lillian Gish than ever.

Perhaps we ought to mention relief at getting Clara Bow safely married to Rex Bell. She did keep us fussed so long about her various heart-affairs. She seems pleasantly settled for a spell now. Not even a rumor of a tiff.

Elsie Janis' marriage to Gilbert Wilson gave us no end of a flutter. It seemed incredible when it was revealed that Elsie was 42 and Gilbert 26—the dear girl looked around 28. We had noticed when Elsie was in Hollywood that so many of the older men hovered. Ramon Novarro was almost the only youngish one. So we kind of understood what Gilbert's charms may have been to win her to taking the plunge. We're all for her. Anyway neither of them had ever been married before.

Tom and Victoria Mix were both a bit hasty. Right after the divorce was final, Victoria rushed into matrimony with Don Olazabal, of the Argentine Embassy, and Tom, after righteous denials, takes Mabel Ward to wife. Mabel is Tom's third venture. A bare week before the wedding

Tom was telling all and sundry he would remain free, free, free, and all that. Tom's little daughter is pleased with her new mamma, so all's well.

Rex Lease, film cowboy, and Esther Muir, actress, promise us a regular wedding before this is in print. It will be Rex's third attempt at everlasting love.

Lupe Velez, Fifi Dorsay and Lily Damita keep us on the tip-toe of expectation with their engagements, denials, quarrels, make-ups, *et al.* Too exacting to ask any poor scribe to keep track of those frisky inconstant maids.

Dorothy Mackaill and her Neil Miller seem to be maintaining the *status quo* satisfactorily. There's even a "blessed event" rumor. Meanwhile, Dot is on a vaudeville tour.

Sharon Lynn selected a Yuma judge to tie her up to Benjamin Glazer, but the fact that they took Dolores del Rio and her spouse, Cedric Gibbons and numerous other screen notables, along with them satisfied our imperative desire for the nicer formalities.

We sighed a bit when ZaSu Pitts filed divorce against Tom Gallery and claimed desertion as long ago as 1926. ZaSu had

managed to keep this state of affairs secret and they were listed amongst successfully wedded couples. Mrs. Bert Wheeler is another suing for divorce.

Oh, dear, let's get back to something more pleasantly domesticated. Roscoe Ates officially adopts his charming little step-daughter, Dorothy Adrian, now eighteen, who was a wee mite when he married her mother. Wally and Mrs. Beery—a witty, pretty blonde—adopt an eighteen-months old baby girl as their very own and undertake to care for two small boys. Constance Bennett officially adopts Peter, son of English friends who were killed in an automobile accident. Peter is three.

Miriam Hopkins, romantically "estranged" from Austin Parker, nevertheless goes around with him still. Raquel Torres and Charley Feldman, Mary Philbin and Milton Golden, divorce attorney, are still going together.

Estelle Taylor finally agrees to drop her counter-suit against Jack Dempsey, financial arguments having reached a basis of acceptance.

Let me see, did I call this story something about getting them settled? Umph! It can't be done!

Joan The Rebel

Continued from page 27

something like her—she is my guiding star and has been—oh, for so long! I've always wanted to support her in a picture—I believe I'd almost pay extra just to work with her!"

Everyone knows how recently Joan lived this dream of hers in reality, only that her ideal supported *her* instead of the way she had pictured it.

Joan has a faculty of making her dreams come true—even if it takes years and years. She clings to her mental picture until she sees it in reality.

Again she said, "I have never had an unselfish, devoted friend in my life. Everyone who has been kind to me or close to me so far in life has had an ulterior motive which I have discovered after long association. I have been hurt so many times that I am afraid to trust *anyone*." Then "Do you really suppose I'll meet someone whom I can absolutely trust? Someone who will believe in me and I in him so sincerely and absolutely that we will find the perfect companionship? I want any marriage of mine to be clean and fine, happy and contented. I want to work hand in hand with someone. We must be an inspiration to each other. It must make each of us want to be fine, and famous, and strong, and everything noble just for the other!"

Then she laughed wistfully and tears came into her eyes as she looked at me almost sheepishly and said, "Do you think such a thing is possible? Do you think I'm altogether crazy to hope for such a thing?"

All this took place five or six years ago when Joan was still being shoved into westerns or any program pictures in which M-G-M executives wanted a leading lady. Do you wonder I say Joan has that faculty of making her dreams come true!

It was a most interesting experiment in human psychology to sit back and watch Joan creep forward in public esteem from this time on. It was a revelation to watch how persistent and steady was Joan's climb toward stardom. M-G-M executives did not take her very seriously. They were uncertain of Joan. She began an intensive campaign to *make* them take her seriously—and won.

She began to fight for good rôles. She refused to be shoved off into a picture that

was being made—just because. They could not understand this agreeable, careless, happy-go-lucky kid, whom they had been shoving into anything they were making, suddenly becoming a demanding, aggressive young personality.

They had been photographing her beautiful figure, without much on, and exploiting her dancing career, her legs. No one ever thought of Joan Crawford, the individual, the magnetic personality that was so soon to be a star. Joan began to fight for recognition and respect.

She had been so carelessly good-humored in any of the studio's publicity demands that she had hurt her reputation and career

to a point that would have discouraged the most astute heart—but not Joan's. She even called me and asked if I would write an interview about her which would never mention her legs, her dancing, her heart-breaking tendencies, her "flapper" existence, but would tell a human, believable story about *her*!

Gradually, not suddenly, Joan began to get recognition. The public began to like her performances and her fan mail changed from violent mash notes, not always very "nice," to paeans of genuine admiration.

No matter what part she drew, Joan put her whole self into the rôle—and won recognition. M-G-M executives were not easily persuaded in the case of Joan Crawford, so it was Joan, herself, who, by steady, persistent plugging at every turn of the road fought her way to the top.

Joan and Doug moved in the same crowd for a long time. Doug had been engaged to several of Joan's best girl friends, but neither thought seriously of the other until Joan began to think, "Why, here's the companion I've been looking for. We could be all that I've dreamed to each other!" And Doug began to say to himself, "Say, I don't know what's come over Joan but she's great! She's real, sensible, still worlds of fun—but different!"

But the Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. love idyl has been told so often in every possible manner that I'm not going to try to tell it again. Suffice it to say, Joan's dream which she told me about so many years ago came true, like every dream Joan has ever concentrated on.

Today, Joan, the star, is so much in the ascendant it is a wee bit hard to see the girl way down deep beneath all the pose and temperament of the star. But she is still there and will, I hope, remain the balancing wheel between sheer, empty temperament and sincere, vital, human being.

She is still all nerves, temperament, moods, absent-minded tensiety. Too much the star, too little the girl now. But I believe the girl is so definitely grounded in the star that she will soon realize everything. Then she will put the star back in her place where she belongs—a magnetic, splendid flaming actress moving the hearts and pulses of her audiences with her art—but never forgetting the human note beneath all the flame and fire.



News! Platinum Jean Harlow has been selected for the title rôle in "Red Headed Woman."

Which star is 19... which is 39?...



Joyce Compton

This alluring young screen star, who is 19, says: "I could never hope to look lovelier than Billie Burke does right now. Lux Toilet Soap certainly keeps one's skin youthfully smooth and clear."



Billie Burke

"I'm 39," says this radiantly youthful star. Who would guess it from this recent photograph! "To keep youthful charm you must guard complexion beauty. For years I have used Lux Toilet Soap regularly."

Screen stars
know the secret
of *keeping*
youthful charm

ONE gloriously lovely at 19 — the other radiantly beautiful at 39!

"I don't see why any woman should look her age," says the lovely Billie Burke. "I'm 39!"

"I'm 19," says Joyce Compton. "But I could never hope to look lovelier than Billie Burke does right now. I'm glad I know her secret of complexion care!"

How does Billie Burke keep her adorable young charm? "To keep my skin clear and soft," she says, "I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly—and have for years."

*9 out of 10 Screen
Stars use it*

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use Lux Toilet Soap regularly. So it is official in all great film studios. It is so fragrantly gentle and utterly white.

LUX
Toilet Soap
10¢

Two Little Girls With Big Futures!

Continued from page 57

deportment and diction, and even enlisting Ivan Simpson's aid—Simpson, it will be remembered, has trained more Hollywood actors and actresses of the first rank than you can shake a stick at. James Cagney still asks for his advice.

These tutors taught Bette to soften her stage accent.

"My goodness!" she said in dismay, "I thought they were going to make me unlearn everything I had been so careful to acquire. I was three years getting that accent. If they wanted to hear something—they should have been introduced to the brand of Bostonese I spoke before I got that accent at the Provincetown!"

But she's grateful and has reason to be. No better diction exists upon the English speaking stage today than that of George Arliss. His parting words to her corrected ears were:

"Now, don't you change it again—for anyone."

And she vows she never will.

Along with her Boston upbringing, she inherited, of course, the New England conscience. To her everlasting credit, she has never repudiated it. There is a good deal less of that stern character in the American make-up than is sometimes supposed. And those who have it have something to be proud of.

"It's very convenient in Hollywood," she says simply. And no stage or screen person could mistake her meaning.

Blonde, blue-eyed, diminutive, she is

quick and birdlike in her movements, and has a fund of bright repartee equal to even the most exacting Hollywood conversations. Her innocent face belies the sophistication and sharp wit which lies behind it.

Most valuable of all, perhaps, she has the talent for seeing herself, her work, with a cast of humor in her eye. Bette lives her days for the days themselves. The future is a small concern. Which, when you are young, and nothing but happiness and success has come your way, is quite the proper way of viewing it.

A home, children—she considers them both the normal development of every woman, but she has a few words of wisdom for their prerequisite.

"Matrimony is very good thing if it isn't carried too far," she says.

She has been in love, she thinks, three times.

"But being in love is far too exacting," she contends. "It's lots of fun until you awaken to the fact that some one is considering you their property, making plans for you, outlining what you shall do and what you shall not do. After that it is apt to become a bore."

One doesn't easily imagine anyone making lots of plans for her. Small as she is, she knows her mind in all things. No one, least of all herself, understands fully the problems she will face in Hollywood. Not yet a star, with no particularly influential

friends, what she wins will be entirely "on her own."

So far, success has gently stamped everything she's done. She doesn't say, "I've been lucky," and let it go at that. Success is her goal. She has sacrificed many things for it. She believes she's earned and deserved what she has of it. Three years of the New York stage are to anyone three years of unremitting labor. The cost, also, is very great when they are the three most precious years of your life—when you should be seeing and hearing and absorbing what the world of the theatre is doing.

This, of course, she couldn't do. She has seen more plays and more famous players since she's been in Hollywood, than she ever saw in all her time in New York. The reason being, of course, that she was herself playing when the famous people were. Unless their matinees happened to miss, she never saw anyone. Now, she's prepared to have her fill of seeing others.

Bette Davis is no "it" girl. Her glamour is the sort that builds as it goes along. Not yet famous, she believes that when people know her they will like her. She's sure of it. And content, too, to wait until they know her. She's the least uncertain bet that's come to Hollywood in many a long moon. She's the sort of stuff that wears—and is still good to look at, and to see and hear, after a long while. There is no higher compliment.

He Keeps Hollywood Guessing!

Continued from page 53

educated as a civil engineer at Massachusetts Tech, and he followed his profession as a young man. Worked as an engineer building bridges and tunnels.

He is a skilled navigator, yet never worked as a seaman. He did a turn as a coal passer on a ship, though. Like most down-east Yankees he has an inherited love of the sea and ships.

Out here in California he owns a whaler and half-interest in a pearling schooner. But earlier in life, when he was on the stage, he built himself a camp on the quiet Charles River near Boston. Here he has four canoes, a duck boat, row boat and motor boat. He still owns this camp.

Here it was that his business ingenuity, that has since become a legend in Hollywood, first manifested itself. Near the Charles River, Charlie has an eighty-seven-acre hog ranch where he really raises hogs. They win prizes and make him money. The ironic Bickford humor was exemplified in the founding of this enterprise in pigs. He bought the original farm from the heirs for cash, after a wealthy golf club had tried to annex the property for much less than its worth. Then he put in hogs.

"From Pigs To Panties" might well be the business story of Charlie Bickford, if a Horatio Alger were writing it. For he now owns a lingerie shop in Hollywood where all the studio cuties go for new and nifty negligees!

He also owns a garage and filling station opposite the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio in Culver City, where the stars, directors, and studio workers pay tribute to the Bickford business acumen. To keep his ranching hand in, he also owns a flourishing chicken ranch in the desert near Harry Carey's Indian post, and a 200-acre

ranch near the ocean at Ventura, which he leases to Japanese farmers. They raise beans.

His whaler operates off the coast of Mexico, and his pearling schooner anywhere pearls are to be found, from the South Seas to South America and lower California. Once in a while, he finds time to slip away for a short cruise on one of his two boats.

He is at present dabbling in a gold mine in Mexico, and a dude ranch near Ensenada, in lower California.

Speaking of Mexico, Charlie has become known among California scientists for his exploring trips to the barren—but treasure-rich—San Nicolas Island. The actor has an amazing collection of Indian relics and arrowheads.

His latest venture—and quite the maddest—is the purchase of an island off the coast of Java. Charlie met the owner, a young Englishman who was broke. He looked at the photographs, maps and title, and now it is the Island of Bickford! Although small, it has a native population—Malays—and Charlie is King!

He dreams in Hollywood of sailing away there some day, and he probably will. He now has the excuse. At any rate, the island near Java makes a swell air-castle for the swashbuckling Irish-Yankee.

Forty oil paintings arrived at the Bickford home in Playa del Rey the other day. Some are quite good. These were painted by Charlie when he was a boy in his early 'teens. He quit painting because the neighbor kids called him a sissy.

To offset this, he became an amateur light heavy-weight champion boxer. He also played football, but has never seen a football game since. His love of sports runs to hunting, fishing and sailing. He

is a dead shot with rifle, shotgun or revolver, and a fine horseman. He likes thrashing trout streams in the mountains and deep-sea fishing equally well.

His chief diversion between pictures is tearing off on trips. Never knows where he's going. Once started for his schooner, but missed it, turned his car around and started for Big Bear Lake in the San Bernardino mountains, left there for Palm Springs in the desert after a night, started for old Mexico next, but wound up at the Grand Canyon which he had never seen.

Another time he packed his evening clothes for an exclusive Yosemite hotel, and ended camping out under the big trees. His mad trips have sometimes resulted disastrously. He took the wrong road into Death Valley, due to a sign being changed, and found himself marooned in quicksand, twenty-eight miles from Furnace Creek Inn. Had to hike for his life, and nearly re-enacted his death-from-thirst scenes in "Hell's Heroes." He sleeps on an outdoor porch, under the stars, summer and winter.

Hollywood considers Charlie Bickford an odd duck, you can well imagine. He never attends theatre openings, detests the "glamor" and ballyhoo. He never goes to Hollywood parties, but likes quiet dinners with friends. He has had but one photograph made in evening clothes, and he will probably never have another.

He has been a Babbitt but once in his life, but this was in a worthy cause. He led the civic fight against permitting oil wells to be drilled along the ocean at Playa del Rey, and won, thereby saving the gorgeous scenery and valuable residential property.

He reads everything that is written about him—for laughs. Admits to the fault of

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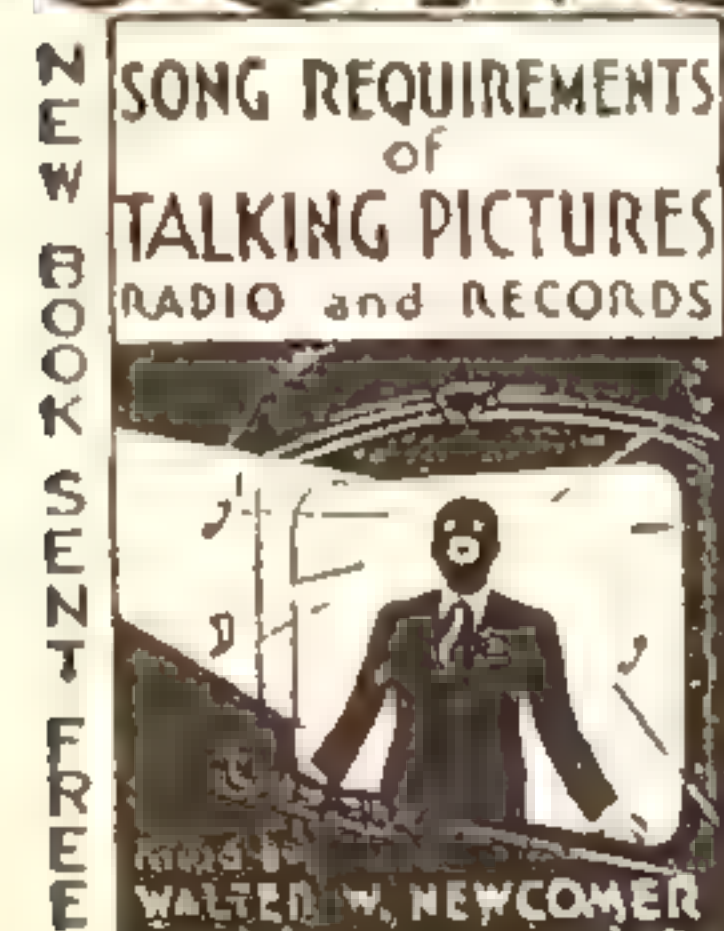
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speaking his mind too freely on any or all pictures. Is not afraid to argue violently with the critics.

He thinks Greta Garbo, Ruth Chatterton, Helen Hayes and Joan Crawford are grand actresses. Admires the instinctive dramatic power of Garbo and Crawford, and the technique of Chatterton and Hayes. Likes Lewis Stone, Pat O'Brien and Jackie Cooper, among the men. Told me he thought he was pretty good himself, kiddingly, but I'll bet he meant it. He is, too.

No one can deny that Charlie Bickford is a darned good actor. And a smart one. Deliberately stayed off Broadway until he had a rôle he could knock 'em dead in. That was in Maxwell Anderson's play, "Outside Looking In." This play made both Bickford and Jimmy Cagney famous in New York.

Exhibitors say he is equally popular with men and women. Maybe that's why the studio let him say "No" as much as he likes, and pay him five thousand dollars a week for his acting ability and picture appeal.

In the small but select few who comprise the exclusive "No" club of Hollywood, Charlie Bickford has always been head-man. Some claim that the first word Charlie learned to say was "No," but like most humorous legends this is greatly exaggerated. It gained credence through the innovation of a guy wearing his own collar, in Hollywood.

Since Charlie has been free-lancing with considerable success he has been heard to say "Yes" several times. For a time his pals were afraid he was losing his grip. Have no fear, mates. Charlie can still

bellow "No" as awesomely and emphatically as any one living, but he seldom has to any more. Not often anyway. He is his own boss now, and he doesn't do a picture unless he wants to. Once he likes and accepts a part, producers and directors tell me he is the most agreeable and amenable of actors. Works like the devil, co-operates one hundred per cent, and invariably contributes a good performance. Never late on the set, takes direction and even works overtime without squawking. Thought he was a bad boy, who had seen the error of his ways and reformed.

"Reformed, hell!" retorts Charlie. "I'm the same guy. If I say I'll do a thing I'll do it. If I say I won't, I don't—and that's that. Once I accept a part I give my conscientious best. The only way for me to be contented in pictures is to freelance so that I may select my own rôles. I have made seven pictures in the last six months and have already agreed to do six more this year. I'm as content as it is possible to be in Hollywood."

Of the rôles he has portrayed on the screen since his unforgettable *Matt Burke* in "Anna Christie" with Garbo, he thinks the tabloid newspaper editor he played in "Ambition," and the rôle of Tallulah Bankhead's blind husband in "Thunder Below," his best.

He has two inspiring ambitions for his future picture career. He would like to produce and direct Kipling's immortal "Kim," and he would like to play the title rôle in Kipling's "The Man Who Would Be King."

All of which is quite in keeping with the spirit of a man who buys an island near Java!

Paul Lukas and the Three Red Roses

Continued from page 66

never taken place, so far as anyone knows.

Forgetting engagements is another Lukas characteristic that keeps his household in a state of mild hysteria. The telephone rings. It is the studio. Paul has a date for an interview—it is important—where is he? The telephone rings. It is Regis Toomey, his best friend. Paul promised to meet him for golf—he is waiting at the club—where is he? The telephone continues to ring. It is his tailor—a fitting—it is his dentist—an appointment.

Paul finally gets around to calling the disappointed and waiting people, apologizes deeply, pleadingly, and the hordes promptly forgive him, blame themselves, and make further dates which he probably forgets!

His incurable habit of bringing home every stray dog he discovers keeps the servant problem eternally unsolved for Mrs. Lukas. A kennel housing from six to twelve mongrels added to another kennel of three massive police dogs, seems to cause cooks and gardeners to leave in monotonous succession.

Foremost among Lukas's aversions are starched collars, and Hungarian foodshades of paprika goulash! Rare steaks and fried potatoes, ham and eggs, hot cakes with maple syrup, and crisp waffles comprise his favorite dishes.

His preference for American cookery causes complications in the kitchen when guests are expected. Mrs. Lukas has discovered that their dinner guests prefer the exotic Hungarian dishes, which are duly prepared by a cook fresh from Budapest, called in for these special occasions. But dusky Emma is kept handy to broil the steak and fry the potatoes for the master of the house, who sits at the head of his table consuming Yankee victuals with gusto while his guests sigh over succulent Hungarian viands.

He loves Negro music and dancing. Every new record of Negro jazz or spiritual is sent to him post haste by a Hollywood music store where he maintains a standing order. The moment he receives one of these new records he calls up all his friends to hasten to the house, and proceeds to play the disc at least five times per guest. The only thing that keeps Daisy Lukas from going quite mad is the complete disintegration of each record after forty-eight hours.

His hobbies are mystery stories and airplanes. He haunts the airports of the city, inspecting each new ship, listening to the tales of the airmail pilots and planning month after month the plane he will some day buy. That "some day" has little likelihood for ever dawning, since Daisy Lukas holds some very firm opinions about her husband becoming the owner of a plane.

He is one of the few habitual makers of practical jokes who can dish it out and take it, too. He enjoys the success of his friends' practical jokes when he is the "jokee" quite as much as those of his own instigation.

He has never visited Hungary during the five years of his Hollywood residence. He intends to become a citizen of this country, shortly, and is more American in manner of living and thinking than many a native born.

"I will never go back to Budapest to live, perhaps not even to visit," Paul told me recently. "Everything I love and value is right here in Hollywood: my home, my wife and my job. Running the danger of drawing 'boos' from the easterners, I also love the climate."

Lukas is a hedonist at heart. He has taken the best from the Hungarian and American philosophies of living and moulded them into a delightful code of

daily conduct for his private guidance.

He knows that good manners make and keep friends. He has kept his Hungarian gallantry.

He has found that the American manner of living is healthful. He has learned to play golf and tennis expertly.

He knows that the Hungarian custom of eating, dressing and going about one's business in a leisurely fashion is delightful, and conducive to unfrayed nerves. He takes breakfast in bed, and never hurries through luncheon or dinner.

He has discovered that the hard work

demanded by American business methods brings success. He works long hours for weeks without a day's respite, conserving his energy with the leisurely Hungarian manner of approach and being measurably happier for it.

He has no plans for the time when he no longer works in pictures. He lives for today and believes that tomorrow usually takes care of itself when it arrives. It is quite possible that some day he may return to the stage and bring his famous characterizations of *Potemkin* and the hero of "Confession" to American audiences.

Getting Ready For Summer!

Continued from page 65

shines in—and throw your hair out. Shake it, brush it.

And above all, get rid of every suspicion of dandruff before the hot weather begins, for heat seems to encourage every fault of the scalp. Get a good, reliable tonic especially for the removal of dandruff. Most of them are effective. It is unforgivable not to be well-groomed, for everybody knows that it takes very little money. But it does take a lot of intelligent attention and care which everybody can afford.

Neither will anyone forgive that bicycle or balloon tire that occupies the place where your waist-line used to be. Lots of bends and twists and cold, cold showers to firm your flesh will fix it up if you eat properly.

Let's all get ready for summer! Let's get all these things done before summer

really "sets in." The whole object in getting ready for summer is that we may be able to enjoy ourselves fully during the "play months"—to be able to relax in the assurance that we look well. Every woman knows how much that adds to a summer vacation! And the added cost is so slight!

For summer is the time when we want to let our dreamy, softer side have full range. We don't want to be trying to catch up with our duties all the time. We want to let our minds drift to whimsical play that keeps us young and happy—to poetry that reminds us of our own rich depths—to the joy of romantic vagabondia that makes us want to lie on our backs in cool, green grass and wonder where the clouds go when they are gone—or to blow up a feather at the cross-roads to decide where we will spend this glorious day!

Are Stars Just Spoiled Children?

Continued from page 25

Phillips Holmes. Phil's worst enemy could never accuse him of being temperamental. He's too easy-going for his own good. And where's it got him? He has played misunderstood victims of circumstances until I should think when he gets up in the morning he would look pityingly at himself in the glass with his Number Six expression and say—to himself—"Poor Phil, I don't know what's to become of you."

Luckily, he has a sense of humor. Here is a good actor, capable of playing a variety of rôles, who is condemned, apparently because he isn't temperamental enough to go in and fight, to go on playing *Clyde Griffith* parts the rest of his life.

Lew Ayres is said to be almost as temperamental as Nancy Carroll. I know Lew as well as anyone in Hollywood and, as far as I can see, he's no different today than he was three years ago when he was making "All Quiet On the Western Front" and no one had ever heard of him.

He made "The Kiss" with Garbo and was paid \$350 a week while working on it. When he went out to Universal to work on "All Quiet" they cut his salary to \$250 and took an option on his services at the same figure. The picture was released, he was a terrific hit in it, and followed it with the equally successful "Common Clay" and "Doorway to Hell." Universal were getting many times \$250 a week for his services when they loaned him out—but they were not splitting the profits with Lew.

In this business, a player has what is known as a "build-up" period—generally lasting from one to three or four years, during which time they are under contract at a constantly mounting salary. Then

they have a few years at the top when they're in the really big money. Lew missed the build-up period. He was an over-night success and he realized that if he spent his few years at the top at the build-up salary, when he was through in pictures he wouldn't have any money. The only thing for him to do was to get top money while he was at the top.

So he went in and demanded more kale, or so the story goes, and the executives tore their hair, they gnashed their teeth, they swooned, they called him an ingrate, an upstart, temperamental and everything else they could think of. When everything else failed, continues the story, they gave him the money he was entitled to and Lew has been as tractable as a lamb ever since.

He is supposed to have twelve hours between calls. Yet I've known him to report back at the studio on many occasions with only four or five hours' sleep, to help them get caught-up on their schedules. This past summer he worked for almost six months, going from one picture to another with scarcely a day's interim.

And still the stores of his temperament, once started, persist. Well, if that's being temperamental, make the most of it!

Jeanette MacDonald is supposed to be so temperamental that several companies are afraid to star her for fear she would be impossible to handle. I've met her socially and found her utterly charming; she is spoken of by those who know her well as "a good sport," and in the highest terms by those who have worked with her. Her "temperament" seems to consist chiefly of battling with executives for what she considers her "rights."

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Buddy Rogers' increasing head-size. It was said that Buddy was trying to direct his pictures. I asked him about it once.

"You know me well enough to know I'm not conceited," he retorted, "that I'm not temperamental and that I'm not trying to run the whole show. The truth is, box-office figures show I'm one of the biggest draws in the country and I'm getting less money than almost any leading man on the lot. Besides that, read the letters fans write in to the various magazines and you'll find every letter which mentions me comments on the fact I'm playing in such sappy pictures. I've gone into the front office and asked for more money and better stories. When I didn't get the better stories I made one or two suggestions to directors that I thought would make my pictures less sappy. So now, because I no longer let them do what they please with me, I'm 'temperamental.'"

If you listen to the little birds who whisper around the studios you'll learn, to your surprise, that Barbara Stanwyck is as temperamental as they come. Part of this reputation is due to her recent demand for more money, and part is due to the fact that her contract stipulates she is not to be required to work later than five or six o'clock in the afternoon. When that hour rolls around, regardless of what they're doing, Barbara says, "Well, so long, folks. I'll see you tomorrow," and leaves the set.

She is temperamental because she won't stay for one or two more "takes." Barbara lives at Malibu, twenty-five miles away. In order to be on the set and made up at nine, she has to get up at six o'clock in the morning. She feels if she gets up at that hour and gets to the studio on time (and she is rarely late) that the studio should stand by its agreement to release her on schedule and she insists upon it.

If she were really temperamental, the technicians on the lot wouldn't fight to get on her pictures, the way they do when

a new one goes into production.

Constance Bennett is another who is supposed to be the apotheosis of temperament. Connie, herself, admits that she shoots off plenty of fireworks on her sets but the pyrotechnics are because a scenarist or director wants her to do something she feels would not be good for the story or because the studio wants her to make a story they have bought and which she knows perfectly well would not be a good picture. I've never heard of her "ritzing" a member of her casts and I've never met an actor or director who has worked with her who wouldn't be glad to do another picture with her.

She is "temperamental" because she won't let people ride rough-shod over her and because she holds out for what she knows she is worth at the box-office.

Regis Toomey and Richard Arlen are probably two of the easiest actors in Hollywood to handle and what has it ever got either of them?

Regis has seldom received less than superlative notices for his work, and yet, with the exception of "Kick In," he has never played a leading part on his own lot. The only leads he has played have been when he has been borrowed by other studios. Had he sulked, or walked off the lot, or raised the roof off the studio, would he be a lot farther along the road to stardom than he is?

Dick Arlen is one of the most sincere actors on the screen. He has never kicked over the treatment accorded him, has quietly taken his pay check every week, and let it go at that. And the result is that he may never be the really big star he could be.

I'll be as popular as a case of small-pox around the studios for writing this, but from my ring-side seat it looks to me as if the only way to get anywhere is to be as temperamental as possible. And when I say "temperamental," I mean "Temperamental" with a capital "T"!

The Real Life Story of Fredric March

Continued from page 21

sin. The principal of the high-school and his wife also went along.

This time I won. Such excitement then! I was even in the papers "Fifteen-Year-Old Racine Boy Orator Wins." School officials entertained us. I felt like visiting royalty. And through all the flattering fuss, I moved with stately dignity somewhat marred by the fact that the excitement had broken out in a rash all over my chest and stomach and I wriggled constantly with an acute attack of hives!

During my last year in high-school, the bank where my father's firm dealt failed. We weren't really poor, but it meant a cessation of the little extra comforts and indulgences we had been accustomed to. So I told my father I'd just as soon wait a couple of years before entering college and, in the meantime, pay part of my own way by working. After some hesitation, he agreed. And sent me to the president of another bank who had, a few months before, asked him to send around any son of his who might turn into as good a mathematician as he (my father).

I got the job. Starting as draft clerk and general flunky and gradually moving up through Christmas Savings Dept. to teller and discount clerk. I liked the business, in a mild way, and thought perhaps I might be a banker. But it was very vaguely that I thought about it. Along with nebulous speculations on a career in law or even, because of my oratory and our minister's urging, the ministry.

I worked in the bank for two years. Leading the wholly uneventful life you would expect. I taught a Sunday School class. I went to the local dances and parties. And I went regularly to the theatre. The ten-twenty-third thrillers of my childhood had given way to slightly better entertainment. My first glimpse of real theatre was Maude Adams in "Peter Pan." I remember my excitement, recognizing its quality as something different from anything I had ever seen, as something I had never known existed.

At the end of two years, my father decided it was high time I went to college. Following in my brothers' footsteps, I went to the University of Wisconsin, and following my oldest brother's advice I took commerce.

College, too, was no more eventful than it usually is. You must be wondering where the highlights of this classic tale come in. I'm wondering, too! Maybe you can make it a powerful monotone in the Russian style.

I did the customary things—football, amateur dramatics, getting elected into Alpha Delta Phi and Beta Gamma Sigma and a senior honorary society, the "Iron Cross." The first year I had won Freshman deck by again delivering myself of Grattan's "Invective Against Corry." From there I had gone into debating. And I was rotten! That may have been an omen of my future, a flair for reading some one else's lines but no ability to create my

own. That discovery knocked any plans for being a lawyer out of my head. And, since my own tastes didn't run to the ministry, the only thing left was banking. So I supposed I could probably be a banker. Of course, when I thought of it, it was always by that title—never as "bank clerk."

When I was in my senior year, the World War erupted. Being at that age when clichés seem profound and empty platitudes seem very noble, I got excited about my duty to my country and humanity. Also, I had become engaged to a nice girl co-ed and probably in the back of my mind was a desire to impress her with my maturity and gallantry. So, along with a lot of other students, I went to Fort Sheridan, Ill., a preliminary training camp for infantry officers.

Then my oldest brother advised me to get into the artillery. Respecting his judgment in this as I had in the matter of taking commerce at college, I went down to Camp Zachary Taylor where he was aide to General Austin. After three months, I got my commission as second lieutenant in the artillery. But instead of going overseas, I was retained as an instructor of equestrianism. Heaven knows why, because up to that time my only riding had been done on the fat, indolent pony we had as children. Anyway, after serving a period there, during which time the Armistice was declared and all hopes of covering myself with military glory went glimmering, I was sent to Fort Sill, Okla., to the School of Fire there. It was the most interesting base I was in, patterned after the Napoleonic School of Fire. I was discharged from there in February, 1919.

When I got back to college, a thwarted hero, I found a possibility which seemed designed for my own particular future. Frank Vanderlip of the National City Bank in New York was launching an experiment which was to take a number of college boys and train them, as apprentices and students in the main branch, for work in the foreign branches. It sounded romantic—one might be sent to Berlin or Paris or Rio or Singapore or anywhere. One saw oneself—"the young foreign banker," in sun helmet and trailed by admiring natives, driving along picturesque streets in car-

riages, a potentate of finance. And my previous two years in the Racine bank gave me an additional advantage, so I applied. And made it.

Living in a nice old rooming-house on Brooklyn Heights, overlooking all New York, I worked in the bank in the daytime and studied at night. After I had been there a short time, there was a shake-up in the bank personnel and James Stillman took over the directorship. He wasn't very enthusiastic about Vanderlip's experiment and the college apprentices became a little uneasy about the future. When I had been there seven or eight months, I grew discouraged. None of us was being sent to foreign branches and I saw what was more likely to follow—a long apprenticeship with perhaps the final reward of becoming assistant cashier. And then my appendix broke.

At noon, one day, I suddenly fell over in the throes of acute pain. Friends took me to Brooklyn, my landlady sent for a doctor, and the doctor sent for an ambulance. I was to be operated on immediately.

As I waited for the ambulance, my kind little landlady talked to me to distract my mind from the pain and fear. She had been an actress in the old days, and told me delightful anecdotes of the theatre. I listened carelessly, but when I got to the hospital I went under the anesthetic with those stories in my mind. And I woke up knowing I was going to be an actor or else!

I never went back to the bank. All idea of doing anything but try to get a job in the theatre left me. Throughout my convalescence I devoured books on the history of the theatre. I confided in only one person, a particularly understanding sister-in-law. She thought it might be a good idea. I had no notion of how one went about it, but suddenly I saw very clearly that this was what I had always, subconsciously, wanted and intended. As soon as I could navigate again, I hurried to New York to work on my great, appendicitis-born idea.

Next month, I'll tell you more about myself—and I want to tell you right now it's the hardest thing I've ever done!

Here's a New Girl to Love—Lilian Harvey!

Continued from page 17

only indirectly related to the main theme. But all the same it is at a difficult stage of its existence.

What dangers threaten us now that the movies have become talkies I have been able to realize by contrasting the first and second time I saw "The Congress Dances."

The first time I saw the German version in Berlin; and I am on such terms with the German language that the minute I relax my attention it ceases to be words, and is merely a gush of sound. I heard the Viennese songs and music that accompany most of the film, but when the characters spoke it was as if they spoke wordlessly like dogs. Then Lilian Harvey seemed an immortal effigy like Venus rising from the foam.

She is incomparably the most exquisite of film stars now practising. Beside her Constance Bennett and Joan Crawford seem as if they were cut out of tin. She was originally a dancer, and she reminds one of that story of Pavlova, who, when asked to explain one of her dances, answered, "If I had been able to explain it, I would not have troubled to dance it."

As she waved from her carriage when she is driving to the villa where she is to await the Czar, her slender arms and her flexible body revealed fine shades of the

optimism of young love and the shamelessness of innocence that could not be put into words.

One's mind enclosed her as in a timeless symbol.

But in London, when she spoke English, she slipped back into time, back from imagination into reality. "I've no doubt about it," she said; and one remembered having heard that she hailed from Muswell Hill, which is the equivalent of one of the less opulent districts of Brooklyn.

One became conscious that she had a background, that she had a human personality, one agonized lest it was inferior to her person, one wanted to cover one's ears lest her accents should betray a lack of intelligence.

She loses her place among the timeless symbols, she becomes a human being, and being human oneself one tends to judge her from the unfair standpoint of whether close and continued association with her would be an undiluted blessing.

It is a pity; and the moral one draws is that the future of the cinema for the discerning, anyway, lies in the films (such as Rene Clair's "Le Million") where the sound effects are musical and avoid realistic dialogue, so that the actors can retreat into the silent significance of types.

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Two Little Girls With Big Futures!

Continued from page 56

But Ann stood up with him in scene after scene, giving and taking, and not surrendering an inch to the formidable Jimmy. The part is vital, electric. But so is Ann Dvorak.

What brought about the change?

Ann says *she* has changed.

"I'm older. I'm nineteen now. I know better how to do things. And, besides, I like acting better than dancing. I suppose that's what made me give it everything I have. I'm glad they liked it. I hope everyone likes it. Because I want to go right on doing the same thing if I can."

Warners are of the opinion that she can. They have signed her for several more parts. Not just parts, either. Big parts. They're making room for Ann now among the stars. Her most recent assignment is the lead in "Tinsel Girl," in which she is supported by Richard Cromwell, Lee Tracy, and others.

Such a young and darkly lovely package, too. But what else are stars made of?

Ann says it's change. Maybe it is. Girls from finishing school pack a lot of learning and a lot of "change" into a three-year experience in a chorus. Maybe Ann did, too.

But "change" doesn't account for it all. Those of you who know the Hollywood circle, and how hard it is to break into it, will realize something of the different sort of stuff that animated the little girl who wouldn't stop trying a routine until they put her out in front of a chorus and laughed at her—and who took that only as the signal to go and learn more about it.

Ann's innocence is refreshing! They need a lot of the sort of "change" that took place in Dvorak before they made her a star.

"Willie"!

Continued from page 71

or Ronnie Colman," he says, as if this were some standard by which tennis inferiority might be measured.

He always wears a soft-collar-attached shirt. He believes men's hats have retarded human progress in the 20th century. He has a devil of a time finding a hat that suits him.

He prefers Paris to any other place in the world. He is inordinately fond of crêpes Suzette. When returning from Europe, aboard the Aquitania, he won the ship's auction pool of \$2200.

He is very fond of snails. He likes garlic flavoring in his food. He was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., on July 29th. He doesn't divulge the year.

Once he wrote a twenty-three page letter to an aunt asking for the loan of \$1400 so that he might pursue a career. His aunt compromised on \$700. Thirteen years later Powell was able to repay his indebtedness to his trusting aunt.

He is as masculine in his way as Strangler Lewis, Jack Dempsey and Mussolini put together, but his closest friends persist in calling him Willie. His first picture was "Sherlock Holmes," with John Barrymore.

Powell is constantly worrying about the future and has vague fears regarding the continuance of his success. He has no illusions or delusions about himself, his work, his friends or anything. He knows acutely the fickleness of things in general, the brief glory of an actor, the even more brief flowing of movie gold—and so he looks ahead with practical eyes and plans something resembling comfort, security and independence.

He declares an interest in singing and sculpture. The former he says is a frustration complex and the latter a suppressed desire. Sometimes, he thinks, he would rather live in Florence, Italy, than anywhere else.

He is six feet tall, has blue eyes and dark, brown hair. His eyeballs are exceptionally large, his cheek bones are high, and when he looks directly at you, one has the feeling that the eyes are laughing inwardly.

There is no record of Powell ever having been interviewed seriously. His sense of humor, buffeted by sardonic experiences, is a barbed-wire fence made of rubber,

which frightens away ga-ga interviewers but is actually surrounding a great field of logic, horse sense, and sane adjustment to life.

His favorite beverage is beer. He never drank coffee until he went to Europe to make "Romola" in 1924. He likes French coffee!

He likes to play poker and has never learned to play bridge. The older he grows the more he turns to the simpler things of life. Often a singing trio will be composed of Barthelmess, Colman, and Powell; Dick takes the lead, Ronnie sings bass, and Bill handles the tenor. At least half an hour is always wasted in arguing where to pitch the number which is about to be annihilated.

He has lots of trouble buying hats because of what he considers his inartistic countenance. He thinks he looks well in a top hat because children do not run away from him. He is self-conscious in a crowd but he manages to hide it by suavity, finesse, polish, urbanity and mansuetude.

His favorite cocktail is bacardi. He wears caps only for driving. He would wear berets if the damned things didn't cause such a commotion. Deep in his heart he has always wanted to excel in athletics, but somehow, his sense of coordination has always been weak—a slow eye or something which prevented him from ever doing anything (in sports) well.

He always wears suspenders except for sports wear. He is always having difficulty regarding punctuality. He used to set his watch ahead ten or fifteen minutes to aid him in being on time until he found that his knowledge that he still had ten or fifteen minutes to spare made him stall until he was just as badly off as ever. Recently he struck what he believes is the solution to this weakness; instead of an even or familiar number of minutes such as ten or fifteen he sets the clock ahead an odd number like seventeen or twenty-three so that when he tries to figure out how many more minutes he has he becomes confused by the mental labor necessary to untangle the scheme and so gives up the fight, decides to keep his appointment, and thus finds himself on time.

He believes marriage the only healthy and logical state for man. He would rather

live in Paris than anywhere else. He has never been called "high-hat." Like Barthelme he has itching feet and finds it difficult to remain long in one place.

An interview with Barthelme is bound always to include Willie Powell's name. An interview with Powell is bound always to include the name of Barthelme. This goes for Ronnie Colman, too. He is very fond of truffles. He thinks George Bernard Shaw is the P. T. Barnum and Ringling Bros. of literature.

Shakespeare, through Dr. Furness' "The New Variorum," was the strongest influence of his formative years. He is considered a malleable actor by his directors.

He speaks Italian and Spanish very badly. He wears no jewelry. He finds it very hard work to study lines and dialogue and is in a constant turmoil to remember them until the scenes have been filmed.

Preston K. Dillenbeck, professor of elocution and public speaking at Central High School, Kansas City, was the gentleman who encouraged Powell to follow the theater and thus determined his whole future. He has never voted. He is an agnostic.

He believes life has been very kind to him and attributes most of his fortune to good luck. He knows a good story when he sees one but he cannot always pick the bad ones. He is very moody and finds it hard to mix with people. He is uncom-

fortable and ill at ease in the company of people whom he knows only casually.

He never plays bridge. He is considered lots of fun at a party. His initial amateur theatrical venture was as *Capt. Jack Absolute* in "The Rivals," and professionally in "The Ne'er-do-Well" by Rex Beach. His father thinks Willie is a good actor. He is the first of the Powells of his line to belong to the stage.

He loathes routine or system. He doesn't make friends easily but those he does make remain friends. He has a manner of "bristling" which passing acquaintances dislike about him. He has no theories, isms or aims. He is quite bewildered and baffled by the scheme, confesses he knows nothing of the cosmos, pretends to no solution, and accepts life casually and gracefully.

His wife, Miss Carole Lombard on the screen, is always dressed ahead of him and she has practically made her life work the training of William Horatio Powell in matters of punctuality. He likes Hollywood. He believes he would have made a good surgeon, a profession which has always fascinated him.

Often he has periods of depression and gloom. All his life he has had an overtone of melancholia. He does not enjoy small talk at dinner parties. His wife calls him "Junior"—he hasn't the vaguest idea why!

The Truth About Cosmetics

Continued from page 80

for this purpose because it holds more and the tin is lighter than the jar, saving weight in cargo. It's a grand cleansing cream. You'll enjoy the smooth richness of Princess Pat Skin Food, too.

And in these days when economy is important, you will welcome Princess Pat Ice Astringent which closes the pores as ice does, yet—it is a cream which is also a perfect powder base. Is that co-operation? Another double-action single-price article is Princess Pat brilliantine. It not only imparts a silky sheen to the hair, but it is also a good scalp tonic, promotes the growth of hair and corrects dandruff! All of this for 50 cents! Space forbids my telling you of all the Princess Pat products for they are many and all scientifically ingenious. They have put out a beautiful booklet which is a complete and entertaining treatise on the care of the skin. Why don't you send to them for it?

I almost forgot to tell you that the Princess Pat powder comes in the cutest box you ever saw. It is red with black corners and the powder is in a drawer that you pull out by a tiny ivory ring. It's too cunning. The powder is delicately scented.

This is the time of year when we begin to want to change the perfumes we use. The heavier ones that are suitable for cooler weather had best be put aside and the lighter, daintier odors brought out for use.

You couldn't have a more suitable perfume, now, than Cheramy's "April Showers." It is as refreshing as its name, having something of the cleanliness of a garden after a spring rain. Not expensive, either! Your money certainly buys a lot these days. Now you can buy an ounce bottle of "April Showers" for \$2.50. If you would like to have a trial bottle you can get a fourth of an ounce for \$1. Cheramy's "Cappi"—is more subtle, reminding one more of shaded lights and silken

interiors. \$2.50 for an ounce and a quarter. Their new "Ciel Bleu" (blue sky) is very, very new and fascinatingly odd. It is sort of inspirational—makes you want to look up. Maybe that's why they call it "Ciel Bleu."

And when you look up that's when your lashes show off. I'm sure none of us pay enough attention to our lashes. The Kurlash people offer us everything needed to beautify and care for our lashes. All their items are \$1 each. You know about their eye-lash curler, of course. But have you ever tried their eye-lash grower, "Kurlene"? It certainly gets results.

Hopping from your eyes down to your mouth I want to suggest a lip-stick that is simply slick—the "Phantom-Red." If you are not familiar with Phantom-Red you have a pleasant surprise coming. Pick one up the next time you're down-town and give yourself a treat. Phantom-Red is also "different" but I'll let you discover that for yourself.

I suppose everybody has a bottle of Listerine on the bath-room shelf. But I wonder if everyone knows the many, many uses to which it can be put? It is a mouth-wash, gargle, breath-sweetener, deodorant, hair-tonic, etc. Read the Listerine booklet and learn its many uses.

As a parting shot I want to tell you of a discovery of my own. One day I was hurrying down-town to an important appointment and I had had no time to "pretty-up" my hands. I rushed into a store and bought a small bottle of hand-lotion without even looking to see what it was. I doused it on my hands, put the tiny bottle in my bag and dashed away. My hands looked so nice and felt so smooth and soft that, right in the middle of my interview, I sneaked the tiny bottle out of my bag to see what the name was. It was "Italian Balm" and I have used it ever since! Only, now I buy the big bottle!

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Our July Cover Girl—Joan Crawford! Don't miss this issue.

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Hot Off the Ether!

Continued from page 61

nightly—he is besieged by battalions of song writers seeking to interest him in new hosannas. Four out of five go away disappointed.

With his associates on his cigarette-sponsored period, he recently was a headliner for the vaudeville viziars throughout the country. The tour marked the first time that a commercial radio program has ever been booked, label and all, for vaudeville. It was Downey who made the booking possible.

Yet, as a vaudeville star his box-office glamour does not quite equal that of Kate Smith, robust feminine crooner. Here is today, the broadcasters say, radio's most popular star. She counts her followers in the millions and they extend to all parts of the world.

Like Downey, she came to radio from the theatre. And like him, she rose from comparative obscurity, to the status of a household god. With a voice peculiarly adapted to the microphone, she goes in for the more sentimental products of Tin Pan Alley, introduces them with a theme song, "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain," and to satisfy what the announcers used to call "folks," adds an old-time ballad for good measure.

So much for the topmost figures of the air. Just below them can be placed several entertainers who seem to have a permanent place in the broadcasting sky.

There are Billy Jones and Ernest Hare, veterans of radio; still the foremost trappers of the wisecrack, who by reason of a disarming chuckle get over puns that would otherwise have banished them long ago to the silences.

There are Vincent Lopez, dispenser of rhythm; Vaughn De Leath, crooner; Jessica Dragonette, busiest of the sopranos; Joe White, once known as the silver masked tenor.

There is Walter Damrosch, with his paternally soothing accents—the most expert of the musical historians on the air. There is Milton Cross, with the plaintive talking style, who could make even the announcing of "Turkey in the Straw" a melancholy affair. There are Ted Husing and Norman Brokenshire, adjective assemblers. There are Phil Cook, impersonator of various voices; May Singhi Breen, strummer—almost the only one left in radio—of the ukelele; Dad Pickard, foremost exponent of the hoe-downs of the countryside.

There are a half dozen or more names

that can be added to the list whose effulgence in the microphonic sky is continuously brilliant—Phillips Lord, of "Seth Parker" fame; Julia Sanderson, sentimental balladeer of pre-talkie Broadway; Lowell Thomas, news dispatcher; Floyd Gibbons, who to make a Shanghai gesture, temporarily withdrew his machine gun-chatter from the microphone—he'll be back by the time you read this; Paul Whiteman, Ben Bernie, and Guy Lombardo, jehovahs of jazz.

Their places in radio are not only fair, they are fixed. Meanwhile, radio is biding its time, waiting for something to turn up, some new personality who will capture the fancy as well as the ears of the public.

In the last year two new stars were discerned—crooners Bing Crosby and Russ Columbo. In exploiting them, radio consumed tons upon tons of good white paper. It was a build-up that must have turned old Barnum in his grave.

Rivals upon competitive networks, they won the public eye—and ear—if only because crooning and jazz are in their hey-day. Or hey-hey-day, if you prefer.

Perhaps, the broadcasting barons reasoned that crooning was, after all, only a temporary phase of radio and that the iron of ballyhoo had better be struck while it was hot. Or, maybe, it was because the crooners possessed more of what Broadway and Hollywood understand by personality—that peculiar asset which, blending voice and mannerism and sex appeal, spells box-office success.

Anyway, Crosby and Columbo got the publicity—and the contracts. Contracts which included long guest-star engagements at the movie palaces. They missed no opportunity, with the result that now, definitely on the wane, they can retire, if they choose, to a life of ease and contentment on the Riviera.

Radio developed both of these stars. Like the movies, radio develops the majority of its magnificos. It will continue to do so, or we are talking more than ever through our blue beret.

They seem to us, these big shots of the microphone, to be the most fortunate of all those who inhabit the amusement realm.

Radio has become the El Dorado of entertainment, promising vast returns for a minimum of time and labor. And the entertainers know it. They know they are in demand in ten million homes or more. You can't blame them for wanting to sit tight in their great and gaudy seats.

That Lovely Lady From Vienna

Continued from page 67

American consumption, and Tala is a pet name.

She is alarmingly well-educated, this Tala! Private schools at first and later graduating from the Furstin Bismark University in Berlin. She speaks Polish, German, Roumanian, and now English with precise excellence. The English has been acquired during the past eight months via Laura Hope Crews. She has been under contract with Universal all that time but has only recently been put to work. However, it is not her first visit to Hollywood, since she was here for the German version of "The Boudoir Diplomat" starring Ivan Lebedeff over a year ago. She was so satisfactory that the contract was agreed upon then, but she had to return to Vienna to fulfill a stage con-

tract. Her previous picture experience had been in an English picture.

Tala told me she had once wished to be an agriculturist, when she would visit her uncle's estates in Poland, but that did not seem to be a profession in which a woman could make money. There you have the Virgo sign cropping out. So when a friend offered her a small part in a Berlin stage production, she accepted it. It was there that Max Rheinhardt put his magic sign of approval upon her and transformed her into a successful stage actress of sufficient note to be culled by Hollywood.

While Universal was finding a suitable vehicle for Tala's stately charms, she perfected her English, took up tennis with enthusiasm, learned to drive a car and so

"saw California."

It was when Luis Trenker, the engaging Tyrolean mountaineer and ski-jumper, produced a highly successful picture exalting the glories of the Alps, which won much acclaim in Europe, that Carl Laemmle, Jr., decided he wanted "The Doomed Battalion" for release in the United States. That meant re-making several scenes in English. *Voila*, Tala Birell was the obvious heroine! Luis himself came to Hollywood in this connection. Tala, the studio claims, has justified their full hopes of her, so that now she will be starred on her own account in Zola's story, "Nana."

Now "Nana" relates the story of a French actress of dazzling career and many loves. Like Garbo again, this Tala gives no immediate impression of latent passion—but we know what Garbo can achieve. This type saves it all up for their acting—the Virgo efficiency.

Don't misunderstand me. Tala is no second Garbo. In spite of her height and coloring she doesn't look in the least like Garbo. It is just in certain aspects of her deportment that one is reminded of the Swede.

One sensed some warmth of enthusiasm when Tala talked of Vienna. She told of its natural gaiety, the absence of worried commercialism, that Vienna manages to maintain in spite of its post-war woes. She loves the cafés of Vienna.

"They are the natural rendezvous of the people. One can sit for hours and chat over a mere cup of coffee. No one ever looks reproachful if one occupies a seat too long without spending. Everyone dawdles in the cafés of Vienna," she said, sparkling reminiscently. I wished that I were interviewing her in a Viennese café, so that that sparkle would be in evidence all the time.

Tala is accompanied by her sister. They have taken a bungalow in Hollywood and grow lots of flowers. She has a marked taste for domesticity but you simply cannot envision this dignified young woman as hopping out into the kitchen and rustling an omelette, or washing the dishes, or anything menial like that.

The few people who have had a chance to know her well insist that she has a well-developed sense of humor.

Tala has never married. She hasn't left any husband and baby behind in Berlin, à la Dietrich. Instead she gives an impression of being completely self-contained, or, as Garbo once said in an unwonted burst of conversation, "I am sufficient to myself."

Very well, then. Carl Laemmle has the utmost confidence in his Tala Birell. He expects her to compete very satisfactorily with the imported foreign charmers of other studios.

A Cowboy Visits New York

Continued from page 51

for it.' Now that should give you an idea of just how seriously Marguerite takes me. I admire the little lady tremendously, and would consider myself one lucky lad if I did have the inside track to her heart. But—"

Just to keep the record straight—George is five feet eleven inches tall, has dark brown hair and blue eyes. And the broadest pair of shoulders in pictures. And, of course, he rides like a streak of lightning.

When we arrived in Central Park, ten of New York's blue-coated cavalymen were lined up waiting to do their stuff

EVALYN KNAPP, Warner Bros. player, chooses this moulded evening gown—difficult to wear but



charming with her slender, rounded figure. Pajamas for tennis are attractive and comfortable.



FIGURES NEVER LIE...TODAY!

ROUNDED SLIMNESS and youthful curves are the keynote for the current year. Modern fashions are moulded to the figure. Where dresses once concealed, they now reveal. Never was a good figure so important.

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Two things are needed in a meal to promote proper elimination. These are "bulk" and Vitamin B, both of which help tone the system. If they are lacking, faulty elimination soon develops. Complexions become sallow. Eyes lose their gaiety. Headaches, loss of appetite and energy follow.

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with O'Brien. It was like a rough riders' reunion—the cops all had known or heard of George's father, Daniel O'Brien, who was once Chief of Police in San Francisco. "Think I'll show your coppers a trick Dad taught me," confided George in an aside. "It's a stunt they used to pull to catch bandits in the wild parts of California, years ago."

You've probably seen O'Brien perform this stunt in some of his westerns: It's a chase scene—the villain fires, and our hero appears to fall off his horse, mortally wounded, but in reality he's clinging to the side of the saddle, completely hidden on the far side of his steed. The villain gives up the chase, congratulating himself on another dirty job done well, and then said hero nicks him with a shot from abaft the horse's starboard side. Tricky, what?

George explained this trick to the policemen and everything went along nicely when along came a street-car and ruined the sound effects. So the "still" photographers took advantage of the noise and photographed George in different poses. Then

the sound men proceeded again. Everything was okay. The boys went through their lines and action until a group of enthusiastic youngsters who recognized George began to shout excitedly to him. So endeth the second take!

When they were half-way through with the third take, another street-car came along. Another time the microphone wasn't close enough, and still another scene went blooey because the film snapped. Some fun!

It's all in a day's work to the newsreel boys—and it's an old story to O'Brien, who knows what it is to spend days taking one scene. The police got a kick out of it; to say nothing of the thrilled spectators—who were sorry when it was all over.

George turned out to be the newsreel men's pet subject. He needed but one rehearsal and he ad-libbed freely. And as for his horsemanship—well, you answer that one! The policemen were swell actors, too. The grand finale was a series of handshakes and a "See you in the movies, George!"

Strange Interlude

Continued from page 34

"Sit down, Ned, I want to talk with you. I need a friend. It has been so long since we loved each other that we can now be friends again. (*"Ned and I—our account is settled . . . In what far-off life was that? . . . The only living life is in the past and the future . . . the present is an interlude. . . . Strange interlude in which we call on past and future to bear witness that we are living!"*)

Swiftly she told him of Gordon's determination to marry—implored his aid in stopping him.

"No, Nina," he answered harshly. "I'll never touch anyone's life again. And you, too—you've got to give up owning people, meddling in their lives as though you were the Almighty!"

"But Sam is as healthy and sane as a pig," she pleaded, fiercely. "He's beyond hurt—and we can tell him the whole truth now. It's time he gave us back our son!"

"Our son?" he mocked. "You counted me out of that years ago, dear Nina. Besides, Sam's blood pressure is 'way up already with all this excitement." (*"Self-satisfied fool—I'd like to see his face when they told him this famous athlete is my son—not his;"*) "No, Nina," he added, brutally. "I'll not do it—and you needn't try yourself, because Sam will never believe you."

He broke away from her and joined the others, who had rushed out of the cabin to the railing from which the racing shells, gliding swiftly toward them, now were visible. The din of boat whistles, fog horns, human shouts and shrieks was growing louder and louder. Cornell was third, but slowly gaining—Sam Evans and Madeline, wildly excited, were yelling encouragement to their Gordon. Old Charlie Marsden, aged and white, cheered vaguely.

The boats were nearing the finish line. The chorus of noise rose, swelled, merged into one incessant, deafening roar. Cor-

nell's shell gained, inch by inch—now it was second—no, it had dropped behind again—

Sam jumped up and down, waved his arms, yelled madly.

"Gordon! Gordon! Come on, boy! One more spurt will do it! Come on, son! Stroke! Stroke!"

As though Gordon had heard, the Cornell boat suddenly shot forward, the eight sinewy young bodies gliding forth and back, forth and back, faster and faster in a final spurt of energy. Swiftly the long, slim craft sped forward—second—then first—Cornell was across the line, the winner!

Sam Evans danced frenziedly about the deck, beside himself with emotion.

"He's won! Gordon's won! Gordon's won!" He ran to Nina, who sat dully in a chair, and embraced and kissed her. "Greatest race in history. Aren't you happy, Nina? He won it—our Gordon!"

He stopped suddenly, swayed, staggered a step or two, then collapsed limply on the deck. For a moment all in the group stood as though paralyzed—then Darrell ran and bent over him, feeling his heart and pulse.

Nina, shocked to her senses, fell to her knees beside the inert form.

"Sam! My husband!"

"He's not dead," announced Darrell. "Only a bad stroke. But he must have absolute quiet—and perfect care."

"I'll never leave his side," cried Nina, stricken with grief and remorse. (*"Is this what I wished him—what I wanted to do to him?"*) "I'll never tell him anything that might disturb his peace!"

With infinite gentleness she pillowed his head in her lap, bent down and kissed his face.

(*"Dear husband, who tried to make me happy . . . I'll not try to destroy you . . . I will surrender my happiness to you again! I will give you Gordon to give to Madeline!"*)

Send Birthday Greetings to the Following June Stars:

Lane Chandler	June 4th.	Jeanette MacDonald	June 18th.
J. Farrell MacDonald	June 6th.	Ernest Torrence	June 26th.
William Austin	June 12th.	Polly Moran	June 28th.
Barry Norton	June 16th.	Madge Bellamy	June 30th.
Ona Munson	June 16th.		

Revuettes

Continued from page 6

IMPATIENT MAIDEN. *Universal.* This one starts out interestingly enough, but towards the end it goes flat. Good work by Mae Clarke, as a sophisticated secretary, and Lew Ayres, as an interne.*

PLAY GIRL. *Warner Brothers.* The trials and tribulations of a shop girl and a race-track gambler. It's a nice, human story, and so are Loretta Young and Norman Foster! Winnie Lightner for laughs.*

Short Features:

BILLBOARD GIRL. *Educational.* Bing Crosby's crooning and not his acting puts over this comedy. Bing falls in love with a billboard girl and when she hears him sing she becomes smitten, too.

COLORFUL JAIPUR. *FitzPatrick Traveltalk.* A most unusual and interesting travelogue of the interior of India, accompanied by revealing descriptions by Mr. FitzPatrick. Excellent photography. Recommended.

FOUND IN MOROCCO. *Talking Picture Epics.* A most interesting travelogue on Morocco showing street letter writers, wool market, and rug and soap makers.

HEAVENS, MY HUSBAND! *Educational.* This is a good one. Andy Clyde plays a small town policeman. He runs into an abundance of difficulties, with hilarious results.

IN THE BAG. *Universal.* This is one of the best of the Slim Summerville-Eddie Gribbon comedies. Slim smuggles a girl aboard ship and trouble, suspense and plenty of comedy occurs as a result.

HE'S A HONEY. *Educational.* Harry Barris makes a personal hit in this peppy song and dance comedy. With Eleanor Hunt and Helen Mann.

NEWSREEL SCOOPS. *Louis Sobol.* One of the most entertaining features shown on the screen. We see scenes of New York night-clubs; Mayor Walker playing piano in his home; a view of the tenement where Eddie Cantor was born contrasted with his present home; and other equally intriguing shots.

TEN DOLLARS OR TEN DAYS. *Educational.* Animated cartoon hero introduces old songs. It's a refreshing change from all the jazz we've been hearing.

THE MUSIC BOX. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* This time Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy are piano movers. Swell comedy.

THE PERFECT SUITOR. *Vitaphone.* The riotous end of this Benny Rubin Comedy is worth seeing. It's a domestic skit.

THE UNSHOD MAIDEN. *Universal.* Don't miss this. Universal dug up this old-fashioned flicker and applied modern pattern to it. There's a nasty villain and Mary, the shop-girl, who needs new shoes.

WAR IN CHINA. *Educational.* An authentic graphic view of China-Japan fracas. It will stir your sympathies no end.

Ask Me!

Continued from page 8

Movie Mad. Now what's wrong with the movies? They show us everything from grave to gay, even gangsters have had their day. Dogville comedies, Mickey Mouse and his friends, and how have you been? What more can I suggest? Phillips Holmes isn't really so sad in his everyday life, that's just for screen reasons. Gloria Swanson was born March 22, 1897. She has dark brown hair, deep blue eyes and is 5 feet 1½ inches tall. Mitzi Green was born Oct. 22, 1922, in New York City. Her last release was "Huckleberry Finn" with Jackie Coogan and Junior Durkin. She is soon to appear in "Girl Crazy" with Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey.

P. C. K. About nine years ago, Pola Negri appeared in "The Cheat" with Jack Holt and Charles de Roche for Famous Players Lasky. Have you seen Pola in her first talkie, "A Woman Commands," with Roland Young and Basil Rathbone? Little Dickie Moore is one of the kid-big-shots in pictures just now. Only five years old and soon to star in "From Rags to Riches." What a boy! Dickie will have a rôle in Jimmy Cagney's next picture, "The Main Event."

Miss Millie. Lon Chaney was an American, born in 1883, of deaf parents. He was on the stage in 1899, in pictures about 12 years, and was known the world over for his portrayals of unusual characters. He died Aug. 26, 1930. His son, Creighton Chaney, who is 25 years old, has signed a picture contract with RKO. He refuses to be billed as Lon Chaney, Jr. He wants to see what he can do on the screen on his own merits. You have a fellow countryman in pictures, none other than Ivan Lebedeff. He was born in Uslpliai, Lithuania, on June 18, 1899. For back issues of SCREENLAND, write to the Circulation Dep't. They may have what you want.

Marjorie M., Surrey, England. When we see Surrey, we think of Ronald Colman, Reginald Denny, and you. Try to

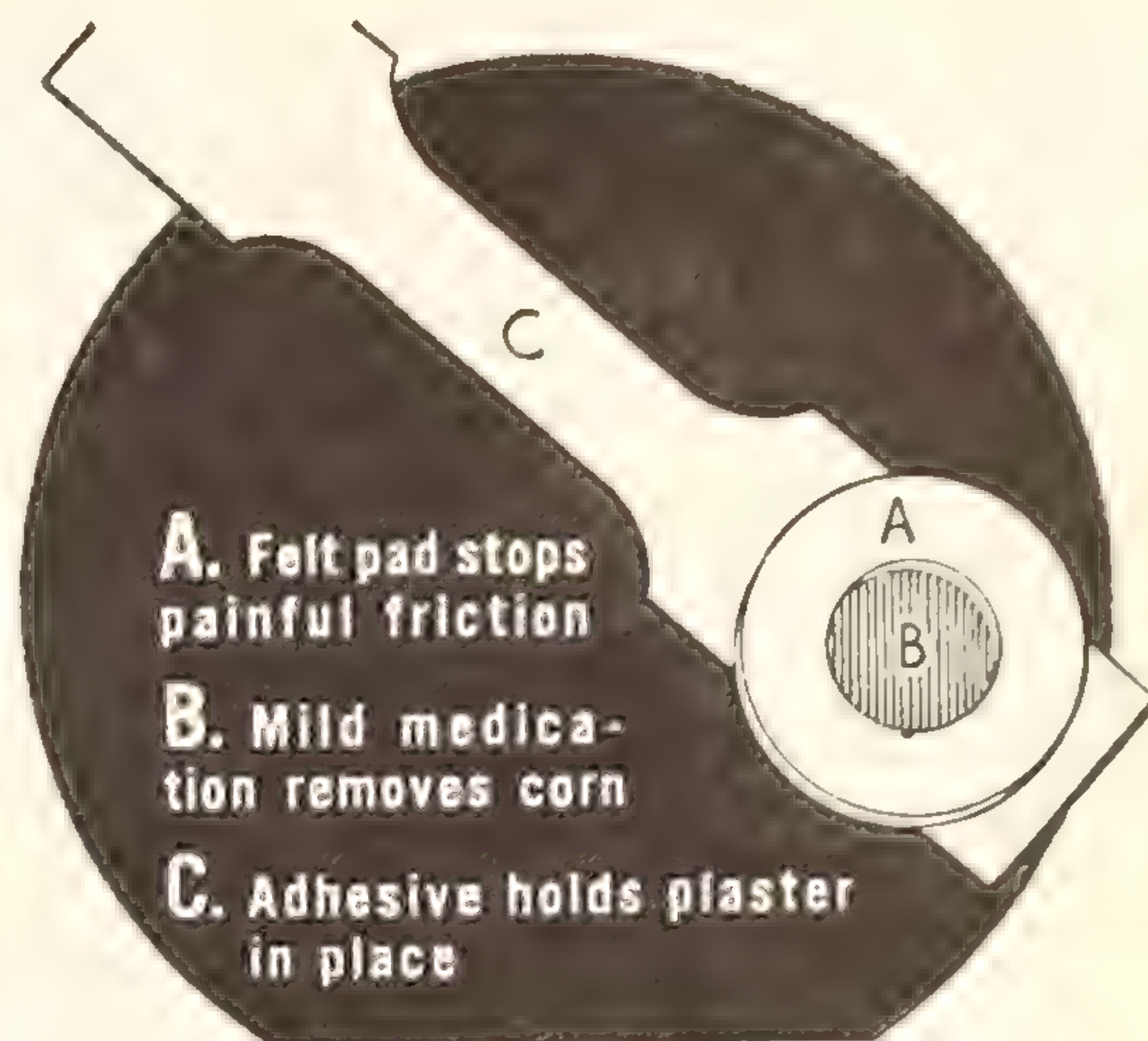
figure that out, Ronnie and Reggie. Your favorite, Norma Shearer, will be starred in "Strange Interlude." That will be something to wait for. Sally Eilers' latest releases are "Dance Team" and "Disorderly Conduct." Cheerio and come again, Margie.

Slim Sam. Real air aces were used in "The Lost Squadron" with Richard Dix, Bob Armstrong and Joel McCrea. Among them was Dick Grace, one of the most famous stunt fliers of all time, and in case you'd like to know, Dick wrote the story and arrangement of the film. Another well-known air-bird was Leo Nomis, who has died since the release of that film. Art Goebel and Frank Clark, along with Grace and Nomis, took a great chance in helping to put over that picture. That fine comedian, Hugh Herbert, was the mechanic and provided the laughs.

Roy C. Bill Boyd did not play in "What Price Glory." Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe and Dolores Del Rio were co-featured. Bill's latest release is "Suicide Fleet" with Robert Armstrong and James Gleason. Fredric March plays a duo-rôle in "Strangers in Love," appearing as Arthur and Buddy Drake, twin brothers.

Mabel N. Walter McGrail is working for an independent company and plays with Jack Mulhall and Patsy Ruth Miller in "Night Boat." Antonio Moreno hasn't made a picture for some time. Among his latest were "Rough Romance" with George O'Brien and Helen Chandler, and "Romance of Rio Grande" with Warner Baxter, Mona Maris and Mary Duncan.

Joyce Fan. We'll take a flying trip into the past for your answer—look out below! Owen Moore was Mary Pickford's first husband. Tom Moore was the first husband of Alice Joyce. They had one daughter. Tom and Alice were divorced. Several years later Alice married James Regan of New York City. Alice and Tom have been doing a vaudeville act together this season—and Tom's new wife travels with them.



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The next issue of
SCREENLAND
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Dorothy S. If I told you that Clara Bow was the wife of George Beldam, you might question my veracity, but George is known in pictures as Rex Bell. He was born Oct. 16, 1905, in Chicago, Ill., is 6 feet tall, weighs 170 pounds and has light brown hair and blue eyes. He has never been on the stage, but has been in pictures about three years. He appears in "Forgotten Women" with Marion Shilling, Virginia Lee Corbin, Edna Murphy and Beryl Mercer.

Virginia P. So you'd walk ten miles to see Billy Haines in a picture—that's devotion for you, and has the well-known camel beat nine miles. His last releases are, "Just a Gigolo" and "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford." He will appear with Madge Evans and Karen Morley in "Are You Listening?" Billy was born Jan. 1, 1900, in Staunton, Va. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds.

Loretta H. You don't have to page Mr. Ripley to get a place in my column—just drop me a line and I'll catch it. David Manners' latest pictures are "Lady With a Past" with Constance Bennett and Ben Lyon, and "The Greeks Had a Word for Them" with Ina Claire, Joan Blondell, and Madge Evans. One of the last football pictures of the past season was "Touchdown" with Richard Arlen and Peggy Shannon.

Pearl F. For a 10-year-old, you know your movies in a great big way. Richard Dix will appear in "Roar of the Dragon" with Irene Dunne and Anna May Wong. Nancy Carroll's latest films are "Wayward" and "Broken Lullaby."

Irene. Neil Hamilton is 32 years old, has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. He appeared with Helen Hayes in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" and in "This Modern Age" with Joan Crawford. John Mack Brown is 27, has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. Johnny hasn't been making so many pictures lately—where are you, boy?

Grace G. You'll be happy to learn that Gilbert Roland is playing a leading part in Elissa Landi's next picture, "The Woman in Room 13." Gilbert plays with Buster Keaton, Jimmy Durante and Irene Purcell in "The Passionate Plumber." Gilbert was born in Jaurez, Mexico, on Dec. 11, 1905. Sue Carol is 23 and David Rollins is 22. David has been appearing in shorts. (Comedies, we mean!) There's a report that Nick and Sue Carol Stuart anticipate a blessed event.

Jean M. With the trained eye of a Sherlock Holmes, I'm able to inform you the small picture you enclose in your letter is that of Claude King, one of our well-known actors. He was born in Northampton, England, Jan. 15, 1879. He has iron grey hair and dark brown eyes. His wife is Evelyn Hall from the stage. He played Dr. Tubbs in "Arrowsmith" with Ronald Colman.

Robert S. So you knew me when—I began this department. Thanks for your loyal support. When you ask about ZaSu Pitts, I'm happy to answer. She was born in Parsons, Kansas. She has brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 115 pounds. ZaSu has the most expressive hands in pictures. Her teaming with Thelma Todd in comedies has been a wise idea. Mae Marsh came back in "Over the Hill," with James Dunn and Sally Eilers. Marion Davies is not married. Her latest release is "Polly of the Circus" with Clark Gable.

Dorothy L. Yours is an unusual request. One would have to be in the stars' shoes to find out just where they obtain their foot-wear. William Collier, Jr., Miriam Hopkins and Jack Oakie are the principals in "Dancers in the Dark." And what size do you wear?

Donald K. L. Several of your old-time favorites are still winning applause for their splendid performances, both on the stage and screen. Dorothy Gish scored on the New York stage in "The Bride the Sun Shines On." Dorothy is one of America's leading comedienne. Bert Lytell is on the stage. Enid Bennett has been playing the mother of the adorable Jackie Cooper in "Skippy" and "Sooky." Dorothy Dalton has retired from public life, and Ethel Clayton hasn't made a picture for several years.

M. Briggs. I'll give you the facts about Rod La Rocque and you can decide for yourself about his nationality. He was born Nov. 29, 1898, in Chicago, Ill. His father was Edward Andrew La Rocque, a Frenchman, and his mother was Anna Rice, an Englishwoman. Now grapple with that. Rod married the lovely Vilma Banky in 1927. They are abroad just now.

J. L. F. It's a pleasure to set you right about Garbo, as she is to be billed in the future. If your friends read that Greta was a sister of Charles Ray in some movie magazine, that publication must have been spoofing their readers. Greta was born and grew up in Sweden. Her family name is Gustafsson. Charles Ray was born in Jacksonville, Ill., of American parents.

Just Fern. The "cute boy" you ask about who played with Jean Arthur in "Stairs of Sand" from a Zane Grey story, was Phillips Holmes. The film was a silent, made in 1929. Since that picture, Phillips has stepped onto the Front Page. His latest release is "Broken Lullaby" with Nancy Carroll and Lionel Barrymore.

Ruth. The screen will not see Buddy Rogers for some time for he is doing his stuff in a New York Ziegfeld show, "Hot Cha!" Lupe Velez and Bert Lahr are among those present. Mary Brian's new picture is "It's Tough to be Famous," playing opposite Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Nils Asther will be seen in Joan Crawford's next picture, "Letty Lynton." Nils is 32 years old. George Arliss has selected Mary Astor for his leading lady for his next picture, "A Successful Calamity."

Miss K. F. We are always glad to hear from our Canadian friends so drop in any time and test my ability to answer your questions. Conrad Nagel is happily married to Ruth Helms. They have a daughter, Ruth Margaret. Louise Brooks, Evelyn Brent and Lawrence Gray played in "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em" in 1927.

Big Ben. Is that a false alarm for no good reason? A new man has dropped in from the stage, who may make your girl friend forget her heavy dates. Weldon Heyburn is the man—he played with Lionel Atwill in "Silent Witness," in "The Gay Caballero" with George O'Brien, Victor McLaglen and Linda Watkins, and with Joan Bennett and John Boles in "Careless Lady." Weldon was born in Washington, D. C., on Sept. 19, 1904. He has dark brown hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds, and flashes a smile that will make the Gable fans think he's Clark's twin brother.

Helen T. Charlie Chase has been in pictures since 1914. He was born Oct. 20, 1893, in Baltimore, Md., is 6 feet tall, weighs 155 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. He has always used his own name in films. His stage training in musical comedy and vaudeville gave him the big chance in talking pictures. His wife is Bebe Eltinge of the stage.

Geraldine S. So the good-looking movie actors walk right into your heart—one of the big-hearted girls, I take it. I'm sorry I can't tell you where Buddy Rogers gets the rings on his fingers and the bells on his toes. Eddie Quillan comes from a theatrical family; his stage training was acquired playing in the Quillan act with his father, mother, brothers and sisters. He was born in Philadelphia, Pa., on March 31, 1907. He has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 140 pounds.

Edith R. Why the sudden burst of curiosity over the old silent pictures? Corinne Griffith played in "Black Oxen" with Conway Tearle. Clara Bow had a small part but she made the fans sit up and predict big things for the little flapper of 1924. John Brendon, who played the blind boy in "The False Madonna" with Kay Francis, William Boyd and Conway Tearle, has had stage training for several years, having played with a number of prominent stars. He is a featured player with Paramount. John was born in San Francisco, Cal. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds and has dark brown hair and grey-green eyes.

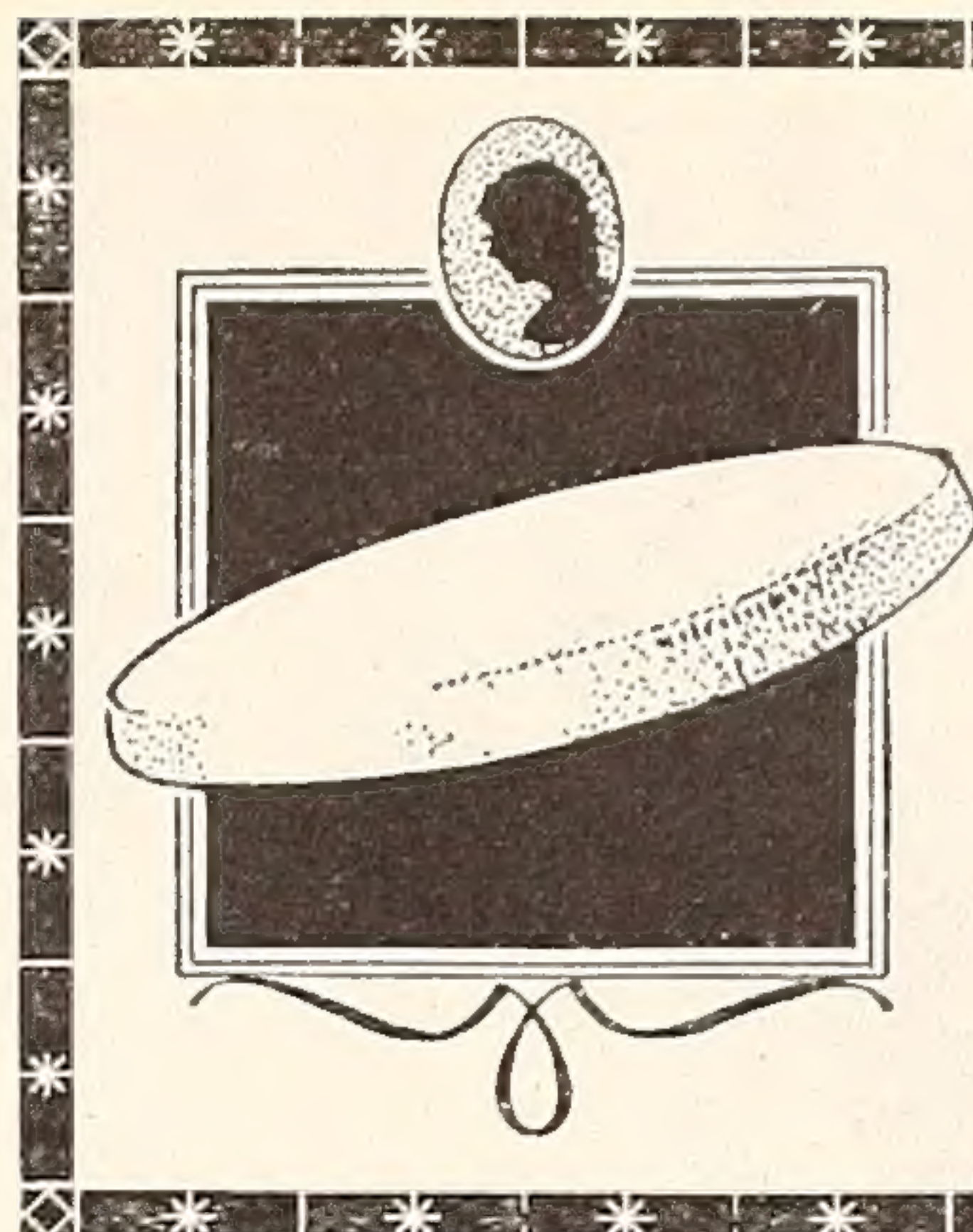
E. G. L. N. Broadcasting a request for Lane Chandler pictures! You are not the only listener-in who admires the handsome red-headed, blue-eyed, 185 Chandler. Lane is working for an independent company but with plenty of boosts like yours, he will get good breaks yet and out-Gable Jackie Cooper. His latest is "The Hurricane Horseman" with Marie Quillan, Eddie's sister.

From Ft. Lewis, Wash. Esther Ralston has not made a picture since "Lonely Wives" with Laura La Plante and Patsy Ruth Miller. She appeared with Lawrence Tibbett in "The Southerner," with James Hall in "The Case of Lena Smith," "The Betrayal" with Emil Jannings; "Wheel of Life" with Richard Dix, and in "Mighty" with George Bancroft.

Mrs. R. W. Do you want me to lose my swell job by telling you just who is the best-looking movie star? They are all too beautiful for words. Evelyn Brent plays with William Powell in "High Pressure." She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 112 pounds, has brown hair and eyes and can really smile beautifully. Her sullen looks are for screen purposes only. Mary Pickford and Doris Kenyon are blondes. Estelle Taylor and Billie Dove have dark brown hair, and Greta Garbo has golden hair and blue eyes.

Mrs. Melba D. John Mack Brown's wife is Cornelia Foster from Alabama. Fred Kohler, one of the screen's best bad men, is married to Marjorie Prole. Jack Oakie and Stanley Smith are single. Skeets Gallagher is married and has one child; Regis Toomey is married to Kathryn Scott.

Helene C. Get ready for the "great break" in your life, for your favorite, Ralph Forbes, is married and his wife is the lovely Ruth Chatterton, too. Ralph was born Sept. 30, 1902, in London, England. He has blond hair, blue-grey eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. Fancy your not knowing that Ralph is Mr. Chatterton! Dear, dear, dear!



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SECRET POWER **FREE**
SEND YOUR THOUGHTS
TO OTHERS
FAR OR NEAR, THRU TELEPATHY
IT MAY CHANGE YOUR LIFE!—FREE BOOKLET!
Read these testimonial letters from Telepathy users:
"Getting results in business. Business good."—St. Joseph, Mich.
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"INVESTIGATE TELEPATHY! Send for a FREE amazing booklet that is causing a sensation among men and women. Due to its unusual contents, the stir it is creating has surpassed all expectations. This booklet will be sent to you FREE of charge or obligation. Send for it today!"
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LOSE FAT THREE TIMES AS FAST!!!

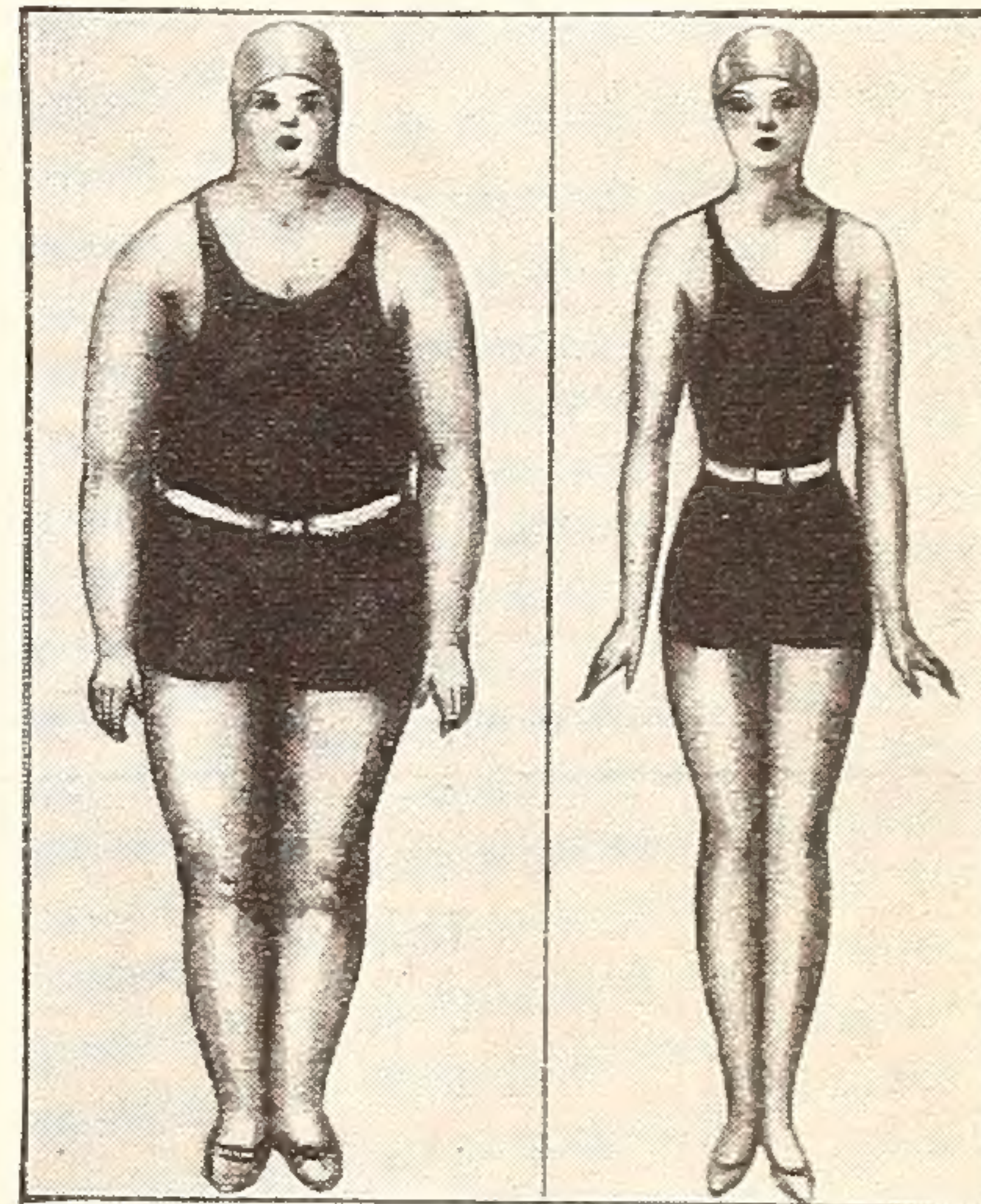
STOP starving yourself, over-taxing your heart with strenuous exercise, weakening yourself with steam baths and other unscientific, ineffective reducing treatments. Now actually GET RID of that excess fat, once and for all. See it vanish like magic, for now comes the final perfection of all fat-reducing methods—the one complete TRIPLE-ACTION SYSTEM. Why waste time struggling to lose a few pounds, when you can lose AS MUCH WEIGHT AS YOU WANT—and in one third the time? How much do you want to reduce: ten pounds? twenty pounds?—fifty pounds?—or even a hundred pounds? It is EASY to reduce at the rate of one to three pounds a day by this amazing new super system. Accept sensational GUARANTEED OFFER and see for yourself!

New TRIPLE-ACTION SYSTEM Reduces You Safely - Surely - Quickly - as much as you want - wherever you want!!

Reduce FAST—yet easily and safely. No single reducing treatment in existence can give you the same RESULTS as this TRIPLE-ACTION SYSTEM, for it combines THREE of the most effective reducing agents known to modern science! Yet it takes but a few minutes a day in the privacy of your own home. You get results the very first day—and you simply continue until you have lost as much weight as you desire. You can reduce your total weight, and you can reduce any part of the body—hips, stomach, ankles, arms, bust, double-chin, etc. Moreover, by a special secret process, the skin is tightened, toned and firmed as you reduce, so that no sagging folds and wrinkles remain afterwards. You have a smooth, youthful skin.

AN EXTRA GIFT if You Write TODAY

Yes, actually, without one cent of extra cost, you receive one of the greatest of all discoveries in reducing—FIGURE SCULPTURING. This new art models your figure to beautiful, flowing lines and perfect proportions while you are losing weight, so that you finish with not only a slender figure, but a smart, shapely figure as well.



Also included in this gift package is a remarkable scientific method by which you can eat as much as you want and still lose weight. No need to starve yourself, this is the healthful, harmless way to reduce, without any weakening self-denial or privation.

SENSATIONAL OFFER NOW! Complete System for only \$2 (NOT \$25)

Now for the biggest surprise of all! You would expect to pay at least \$25 for this great super System. But it is yours for only \$2 IF YOU SEND AT ONCE. This sensational offer is made to demonstrate the extraordinary effectiveness of the TRIPLE-ACTION System. It MUST reduce you or YOUR MONEY BACK. You risk nothing, so mail coupon or write, TODAY. This offer may never be repeated.

THE MODERN INSTITUTE (Dept. 26)
381 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

MAIL THIS COUPON

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381 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

In accordance with your special introductory and Money-Back Offer, send me the complete TRIPLE-ACTION REDUCING SYSTEM on trial. I enclose only \$2.00 in full payment.

Name.....

Address.....

Town..... State.....

() Check here if you wish sent C.O.D. (Outside U.S.A., payment must accompany order.)

Hoots and Hoorays

Continued from page 10

And what man—Clark Gable, Maurice Chevalier, Ramon Novarro? Whom would you choose, and why?

Personally, the couple I'd select would be Joan Crawford and Clark Gable, because of their work in the well-remembered "Possessed." They make a gorgeous team in the movies, out-shining Garbo and Novarro in "Mata Hari," James Dunn and Sally Eilers in "Dance Team," and Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor in "Delicious."

Joan and Clark bring "Make-Believe Land" to life in the movies. The Perfect Couple and the Perfect Lovers—hail to them both!

Charles Mank,
226 E. Mill St.,
Staunton, Ill.

HOW ABOUT IT, PRODUCERS?

The talkies have provided a new field of pleasure for the blind, but how about the deaf? Steps should be taken for their benefit; and here is my suggestion: Across the bottom of the film, let brief summaries of the dialogue be printed. That is the method employed here for translating pictures in foreign languages, as the Danish foreign film market is very large.

The experience of a friend of mine exemplifies this need. She resided in Denmark for many years and recently returned to America with, as she said, but one regret: she could no longer enjoy moving pictures. Here she had been able to read the translations in Danish, and every evening found her enjoying a talkie.

The use of printed dialogue would not only bring tremendous joy to thousands who are hard of hearing, but would increase the financial returns.

Freddylee Huffman,
(A Former Hollywoodian)
Frolichsvej 30, Ordруп,
Copenhagen, Denmark.

READ ABOUT FREDRIC IN THIS ISSUE

Not long ago I saw Fredric March in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." *Marvelous* is the only word that can adequately express his portrayal of this dual rôle.

I had always wanted to see this thriller of Robert Louis Stevenson's. I am sure the great author himself would have applauded Mr. March for his characterization of a man torn between two conflicting selves.

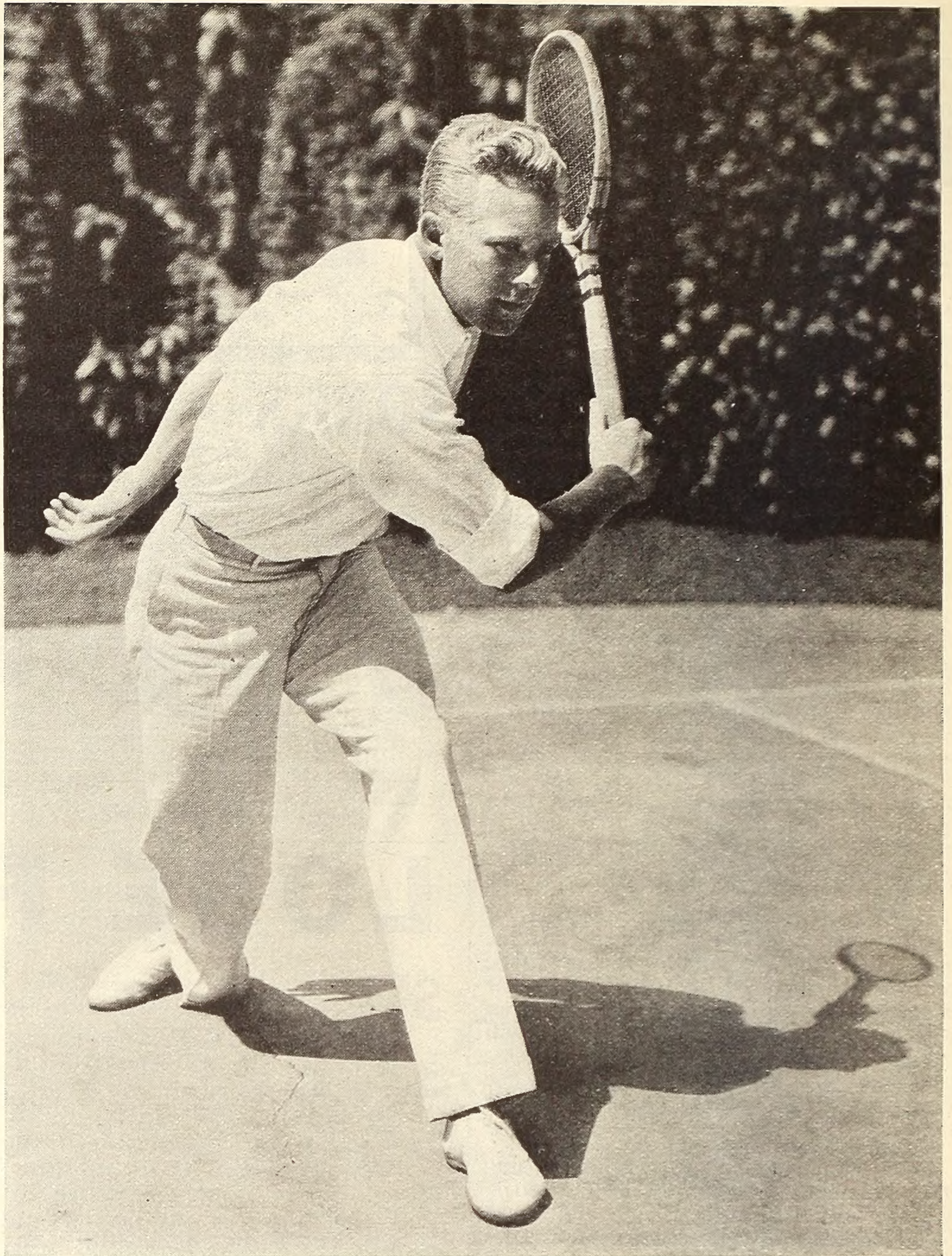
Miriam Hopkins, too, was superb as *Champagne Ivy*. One forgets entirely that she is only acting, so convincing does she make the little music-hall singer. Her personality and loveliness are outstanding. She is an actress to her very fingertips.

Jeanette Trottier,
1546 So. State St.,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

SHE FALLS FOR A BLOND!

Ladies prefer brunettes. Maybe most of them do, but *I* don't. No, sir! Gene Raymond, the handsomest blond male I have ever seen, is my Ace of Hearts.

You Gable fans had better see to it that you don't change your minds and become Raymond devotees after seeing "Ladies of the Big House." Maybe Gene didn't have much of a part in it, but neither did Clark when he first started. Gene takes the part he has and puts into it his best, which is superlative.



Watch him—he's ready for another hit! Gene Raymond's fine work in "Ladies of the Big House" placed him definitely among the younger Hollywood lads who've arrived. And Gene, we predict, is here to stay!

With only a few pictures to his credit, this Raymond person has every one raving about him. Is it his blond hair, his looks, or his personality that attracts people? Whatever your answer is, I'll still say, "Three cheers for Gene Raymond, the handsome blond actor!"

Cynthia Widdoes,
24 Orchard Road,
Swampscott, Mass.

was scared nearly to death when his bedroom light was out. A child's mind is easily upset, (I recall my own nightmares after Dad had told me a spooky story), and such shivery horror is, in my opinion, unfit fodder for childhood. Wonder what your other readers think?

Frank R. Moore,
2516 Bagley Ave.,
Detroit, Mich.

MOTHERS SHOULD BE THEIR OWN CENSORS

Now with the demise of gangster pictures, producers are turning again to the mystery and horror kind in a mad effort to give Mr. and Mrs. Public their full quota of thrills. During the past year or so we've had "Dracula," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Frankenstein," and now "Murders in the Rue Morgue."

I've seen them all once, some twice. They produce a kick as no other type of movie can. Fine stuff, say I, for the adult mind. But what about children?

My neighbor's little boy, aged eight, had a wild nightmare after seeing one of the morbid movies. His mother confided he

BUT OH, HOW IT HELPS A GIRL'S CAREER!

Please enlighten me as to why Garbo, Dietrich, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, and other stars are constantly being picked to pieces? Is it mere envy? I wonder if they ever have one little secret or one moment of privacy all their own? It seems to me that movie stars of such ability and prominence should be protected from public gossip and scandal. I'm all for the passing of a new law for the protection of actors and actresses from the breath of scandal.

Mrs. M. Spreen,
106 W. 19th St.,
Austin, Tex.

CHOOSE your ROUGE SHADES this new fascinating way

forget all about
"matching your
skin" and select
shades to match
your Costume

Catch the spirit, the joyous freedom, of this beautiful new fashion . . . rouge to harmonize with your every costume. The charm of it . . . the *individuality* . . . and the *difference* that must exist when all rouge shades match your skin—match automatically, without your giving a thought to it. Well you know that usual rouge does not have this characteristic. Instead you have memories of dire disappointment, times when you felt "horrid" because off color make-up spoiled the glory of your gown.

Now what has happened? . . . how can you vary the old idea . . . and select rouge shades to match costume, not troubling to match your skin? Just this: Princess Pat rouge *does not blot out the skin*. The *natural* color is caused by the blood showing through the skin—because the skin is transparent and has scarcely any color of its own. Princess Pat rouge is sympathetic to skin tones. Thus whatever color your skin shows—and everyone has some color—is *retained* when you use Princess Pat rouge. To this *natural* color, Princess Pat *adds*. Thus the beautiful tints imparted by Princess Pat rouge *seem* to come from within the skin.

WHY Different Colors of Costume Demand Different Shades of Rouge

You have learned how all shades of Princess Pat match every skin, why the effect is invariably natural and beautiful. But there is *another* requirement. Every costume you wear has a certain *color value*. You recognize this when you match dress, hose, shoes, hats so that the ensemble is harmonious. It is even more vitally important to recognize it when you select *rouge shades*.

The great mistake with rouge has been this: you had *just one shade*—say medium. To secure more, or less, color you used more, or less, rouge. *But the shade remained the same*. You couldn't use *other shades* for only one would match your skin. So your rouge that might have looked well with delicate pastel dresses, was less than ineffectual with brilliant red costumes—and so on through the range of color combinations of costume and complexion.

PRINCESS PAT LIP ROUGE a new sensation—nothing less. For it does what no other lip rouge has ever done. Princess Pat Lip Rouge colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as outside. Is truly indelible. You'll love it!

PRINCESS PAT

LONDON CHICAGO



Marvelous New Beauty If You Follow These Hints For Choosing Rouge

For gowns of all red shades, select Princess Pat Vivid, or Princess Pat Squaw. Even the palest blonde—one who has thought she simply could not wear bright red—is beautiful in flaming colors through use of Vivid or Squaw to set the right color note in the cheeks. For gowns of purple, violet, blue, use Squaw, Theatre or Medium. When you wear yellow, orange, green, your cheeks are wonderful with Princess Pat English Tint. With soft pastel costumes, achieve the complexion note of cool, delicious serenity with Princess Pat Medium or Theatre. For tan effect, use Princess Pat Summertan. For evening wear, use Princess Pat Nite. This indeed is a marvelous shade, since it responds as gloriously to artificial light as the most perfect daytime rouge does to sunlight.



get this Week End Set —SPECIAL

The popular Week End Set for this coupon and 25c (coin). Contains Princess Pat Rouge, Lip Rouge, Powder and three creams in liberal, attractive sizes. Also new booklet of valuable beauty secrets.

PRINCESS PAT, 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago.
Dept. A-2046 Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name (print).....

Street.....

City and State.....

IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO

There's more Chicle in it ... that's what makes it better

It's the amount and quality of chicle used that makes such a big difference in chewing gum—Beech-Nut Gum contains a larger proportion of the world's finest chicle than any other gum on the market. This EXTRA

CHICLE gives Beech-Nut its long-lasting smoothness—makes it easier, less tiring to chew—keeps it fresh and smooth-flavored much longer. It's this EXTRA CHICLE that makes Beech-Nut so truly refreshing and enjoyable.

Beech-Nut GUM

Makes the next smoke taste better

"And this line . . . shows that you're going to have a lot more pleasure smoking your next cigarette."
"How do you figure that out?"
"I'm going to give you a stick of Beech-Nut Gum. You should know that Beech-Nut Gum between smokes makes the next smoke taste better."



There is something NEW under the sun DIFFERENT DELIGHTFUL DELICIOUS

Now—the world's most popular flavor—CHOCOLATE—in a package handy for pocket or purse. A crunchy, delicious bit of sweet for everyone—and everyone enjoys chocolate. A single package will convince you that they are delightfully different from any candy you've ever tasted. Now on sale throughout the United States at 5¢ a package.

Beech-Nut CHOCOLATE *flavored* DROPS

These new Chocolate Drops have the same double-wax wrapping that preserves the flavor and freshness of Beech-Nut Fruit Drops.

